LITANY AND HYMNS

IN

GREEK VERSE

TRANSLATED BY

ALLEN W. CHATFIELD, M.A.

TRANSLATOR OF "SONGS AND HYMNS OF EARLIEST GREEK CHRISTIAN POETS, BISHOPS AND OTHERS."

London:
HENRY FROWDE
AMEN CORNER

LITANIAM,

DOMINICAM ORATIONEM, APOSTOLORUM SYMBOLUM,

ALIASQUE ANGLICAE ECCLESIAE FORMULAS,

Iambicis Trimetris,

SANCTI AMBROSII CARMEN, TE DEUM,

Dactylicis Hexametris,

ET

HYMNOS NONNULLOS

RECENTIORUM AUCTORUM,

Variis Metris,

GRAECE REDDIDIT

ALLEN GUL^mus^. CHATFIELD, M.A.,

MAGNAE MARCLAIAE VICARIUS

QUARTA EDITIO, CUM APPENDICE

OXONII

M DCCC XCII

Oxford
HORACE HART, PRINTER TO THE UNIVERSITY

VIRO ILLUSTRI ET DOCTISSIMO

GEORGIO BARONI LYTTELTON

M.A., D.C.L., L.L.D.

SERENISSIMAE REGINAE

IN COMITATU VIGORNIENSE LOCUM-TENENTI, &C. &C.

S. D.

A. GUL[MUS]. CHATFIELD.

TUAM erga me benevolentiam, jam ante in multis adhibitam, nunc potissimum in eo expertus sum, quod has paginas et perlegere et recensere haud gravatus es. Quas tu tam benevole inspexisti inchoatas atque rudes, easdem nunc emendatas quantum potui, atque expletas, grato animo tibi profero. Verbis non utar inanibus. Neque enim ego adulari scio ; neque tu adulationem accepturus esses. Verissime dico te illustrem, non stirpe tantum et genere, sed multo magis tuis ipsius operibus, atque benefactis: doctissimumque, pari jure, et pleno omnium consensu. Quot et quanta in Senatum, in Rempublicam, in Ecclesiam, inque

omnes qui Literarum Humaniorum studiosi sunt, contuleris beneficia, non penes me est enumerare. Id tantum affirmo, Graecis te Literis inter aequales tuos longe praestitisse. Aspicimus, nam in promptu sunt exempla, Miltoni Comum Graia ridentem facie: aspicimus ejusdem Samson Agonisten Graiis certantem lacertis. De tota Literarum Graecarum civitate, tu, summe vir, summas laudes et perennem meritus es coronam.

Datum
Magnae Marclaiae
IV Id. Jan.
M DCCCLXXVI.

PRAEFATIO

PRO me ipso jam pauca adjiciam. Puer, et Carthusianae domus alumnus, hoc fere modo in rei Grammaticae studium inductus sum. Comitiis maximis, cum viva voce agebatur, in adjectivo '*ὁ ταλαί-πωρος*' declinando titubavi. Nominativum femininum cum me dicere oportuisset *ἡ ταλαίπωρος*, dixi—vae mihi—*ἡ ταλαιπώρα*. Dicto citius, terribili stentoreaque voce Magister doctissimus, sed idem severissimus, exclamavit, 'Quis ille puer? Quis ille puer? Dejice, dejice. Grammaticae Graecae Partem Tertiam exscribat.' Opus impositum, inter ferias, *ὦ ταλαίπωρός γ' ἐγώ*, ut tunc quidem putabam et lamentabar, peregi. Huic initio, huic fundamento, quicquid his multis post annis scio, id totum debetur. Accuratius et cogitare et agere didiceram. Jam inde, non ferulae timore, sed scientiae ipsius amore, profeci. Quibus adolescens studiis, et domi et Cantabrigiae, multa eheu, et longa inter

impedimenta, me dedi, eadem me nunc aetate provectum oblectant et consolantur. In antiquiorum Graecorum, poetarum praecipue, libris, tanquam fragrantibus in hortis, quantum vacat a sacro quo fungor munere, spatiari me juvat. Eosdem visere, et revisere, ac pulchros, alios aliunde, flores decerpere nunquam me taedet.

Quam consuetudinem meam sacri muneris functioni non impedimento, sed maximo esse adjumento reperi. Ita enim in scientia divinae illius Graecae linguae, in qua nobis tradita sunt, et alia omnia, quae ad humanitatem pertinent, et, ante omnia, Christianae fidei principia et sacerrima oracula, quotidie aliquantulum, ut spero, progredior.

Id tamen pro patria, pro tota republica, vereor ac deprecor, ne, inter sexcenta hodierni diei studia, juniorum animi mentesque a pristinis illis ac puris bonae omnis disciplinae vitaeque ipsius fontibus distrahantur. Tristissimus profecto Britanniae illuxerit dies, cum fontibus iis, non exsiccatis quidem, neque enim per tota saecula exsiccari poterunt, sed neglectis, juventus nostra, spes tum Reipublicae, tum Ecclesiae, minus exactis studiis, inanibus deinceps controversiis, et postremo fabulis recentiorum temporum anilibus, sese addixerit. Omen avertat

Deus Optimus Maximus; annuatque nobis, et nostris filiis ac nepotibus, ut Graecis Literis, quae (ausim enim in tanta re eadem iterum atque iterum repetere) omni plenae sunt humanitate, quae sacerrimos Novi Testamenti libros et continent et illustrant, debitum detur studium, propriusque suus honos: quod in Dei ipsius gloriam, totiusque Reipublicae incrementum et salutem eventurum sit.

BENEVOLO LECTORI.

HUMANUM est errare; neque dubito, quin in his paginis saepius erraverim. Errata ista nulla ex parte Censori meo illustri, sed mihi soli, precor, attribuas. Neque enim illi, quod ad Graecum textum attinet, vacabat minutissima quaeque inspicere; neque ego in omnibus doctissimo viro obsecutus sum. Haec vero, et quae prius Latine scripsi, et notulas secuturas, ille omnino non vidit. In me solum, si quid minus recte scriptum sit, tota cadit culpa. Id tantum fecit, et recte ille quidem: cum ego nonnulla voluissem non modo Latine scribere, sed vel Graece, vel Anglice, prout animus meus, sive sua cujusque linguae ratio, suaderet, me *πολύγλωσσον* esse vetuit; cui, quantum potui, obtemperavi. Illud tamen animadvertendum esse opinor, quod transfusis ab alia in aliam linguam verbis inusitata quaedam et nova vis saepe infertur.

Exemplo sit vox '*ἱερεύς*.' Pristinis Christianis in sacris suis ordinibus non usitata; deinde diacono,

presbytero, vel episcopo, quicunque videlicet sacro fungebatur officio, indita; nunc fere non nisi presbytero, tanquam presbyterus in 'prester,' presterque in 'priest' exierit. Equidem hodie quid sonet illa vox, quid sibi velit, nescio. Res flocci in se aestimanda, quantas nuperrime in Ecclesia procellas tempestatesque excitaverit, omnes scimus. Presbyterus enim, unus et alter, jactitans se *ἱερέα*, sive sacerdotem, in Judaïcos continuo, sive Ethnicos, ritus praecipitavit. Quibus ego ineptiis ne tantulum quidem subventurus, generalem praetuli vocem '*λειτουργός*.' Plura ejusmodi praesto sunt exempla: verborum, sive rerum, minus accurata habita est ratio: orti inde errores lucem obscurarunt, totamque afflixerunt Ecclesiam. Ante omnia, et in iis quae mens hominum nec potuit, nec poterit unquam penetrare, illa sane et tristissima et infelicissima fuit definitio, ex qua Orientalem inter atque Occidentalem Ecclesiam evenit usque ad nostra tempora *χάσμα ἀδιάβατον*. An non post tot irarum saecula nunc demum consentire possimus, et in nostris Formulis, salvo sacro Textu, salva aeterna Veritate, legere, non nisi tribus literis mutatis, 'a Patre per Filium?' Exsurgas, Domine, caliginemque et tenebras dispellas!

Sed ut ab altissimis ad mea humillima redeam; vocabula, quantum scio, nulla Atticis penitus ignota; nonnulla non Attico quidem sensu, quod ex necessitate rei factum est, usurpavi: e. g. ὑπόκρισις, αἵρεσις, σχίσμα.

His monitis nihil jam dicam amplius, nisi quod mihi pergratum erit, si plures Literarum Humaniorum Reipublicae συμπολῖται, parvulo hoc meo tentamine excitati, e sacris Libris, qui et majestate et pulchritudine excellunt, alii alia sibi excerpserint; et excerpta in Graecum Metrum, tam idoneum, Iambicum, vel etiam Heroïcum, vel Lyricum, transtulerint. Aeque gratum ac utile exequentur opus. Et me in hujusmodi cursu longissime velim antecellant.

SECUNDAE EDITIONI PRAEFATIO.

CUI primam opusculi mei Editionem viventi florentique dedicavi, Memoriae ejusdem novam hanc Editionem multis cum lacrymis dedico.

Virum illustrem doctissimumque immatura ac terribili morte abreptum tota Literarum Civitas, tota Ecclesia lamentatur.

Dei consilia non hominibus datum est scrutari.

Nec tamen dubitamus superstites, quin ille, in Beatorum coetum atque concilium vocatus, summa nunc, per hominum Salvatorem, fruatur felicitate. Idque certe de illo accipimus, quod in Sacris Libris non nisi de paucis iisque optimis, scriptum est:—

'Memoria justorum beata est.'

In nova hac Editione nonnulla invenies, lector benevole, mutata: partim ex amicorum critico-

rumque, quibus multas et debeo et ago gratias, sententia; partim ut mea ipsius opinio tulit.

Notulas in finem relegavi, ne mens, in Dei cultu cum se exercet, grammaticis aliisve quaestionibus perturbetur.

Operi nova quaedam intexui; generales scilicet peccata confitendi et gratias agendi Formulas; atque etiam immortale Sancti Ambrosii carmen, 'Te Deum.' Illas in eodem metro Iambico; hoc in Dactylicis tentavi Hexametris.

Nova haec tentamina, criticorum amicorumve oculis adhuc non subjecta, spero fore ut leniter judicentur.

Magnae Marclaiae
Id. Sept.
MDCCCLXXVI.

TERTIAE EDITIONI PRAEFATIO.

TERTIUM haec mea navicula mare tentat periculosum. Faveat Deus; lenes prosequantur zephyri. Sed paucis his annis quot viros doctos lugemus? Quot amicos criticos desideramus? Trita quidem, sed plectro suo magico pulcherrime ornata cecinit Horatius:—

'Eheu! fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni; nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectae
Afferet, indomitaeque morti.'

Vati Romano futura omnia in tenebris. Nobis laeta illuxit dies, et victoria de morte reportata est. Moeremus, sed tamen gaudemus. Optimus enim quisque, hinc abreptus, in illustre Beatorum Concilium vocatus est. Per vitam, per mortem, eundem ad finem sequamur. Sic hac de vita decessit, in notula ad vers. 10 S. Ambrosii Carminis a me laudatus, vir et doctrina et dignitate prae-

stantissimus, Gul^s. Jacobson, episcopus Cestrensis: sic Christ^rus. Wordsworth, episcopus Lincolniensis, vir apostolicus, Ecclesiae lumen insigne; quem Trin. Coll. Cantab. alumnum alumnus cognoram; quem etiam nuperrime in his studiis amicum criticum et fautorem habui: sic denique benignissimus ille et doctissimus Gul^s. O. Goodford, D.D. Eton. Coll. illustris praeses; qui mihi et in Litania et in Hymnis Graece reddendis operam navavit optimam.

Criticis viventibus (diuque, Deum precor, et vivant et floreant), meritas debitasque gratias ago: praecipue Gul^o. Haig Brown, LL.D. Carthusianae scholae archididascalo, viro doctissimo atque amicissimo: necnon C. S. Jerram, M.A., erudito Cebetis, Luciani, aliorumque auctorum editori: item consobrino meo C. Sept^o. M. Kyrle, qui comes carus atque jucundus mihi in studiis meis saepe opem et auxilium tulit.

Graecis amicis liceat mihi pauca dicere.

Annis abhinc circiter 60, pater meus, piae memoriae, Graeciae resurgentis causam voce et litteris, quantum potuit, advocavit. *Φιλέλλην* egomet semper fui. A. D. 1830, Academiae Cantab. alumnis thesi proposita 'Quaenam reipublicae forma Graeciae renascenti optima sit?' aliis recensis rejectisque formis 'Regiam cum Senatu et Populari Concilio'

proposui. Mihi praemium adjudicatum est. Mox in conspectu inque ore hominum erat Leopoldus,—*ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν Λεόπολδος*. Aliter decretum est. Accessit Otho, ad res gerendas parum idoneus. Annis pluribus inaniter peractis, regia potestate se abdicavit. Valeant praeterita. In melius omnia mutata sunt. Optimus nunc Princeps, summo *Πανελλήνων* consensu, Athenis regnat. Pro Rege, pro Regina, pro Filio Haerede, et tota Regia domo, preces ac vota Deo fieri oportet. Sic jubet S. Paulus ad I Tim. II. 1–2. Sic speramus fore ut Deus faveat atque auxilietur. Supplicationis formulam proferre in promptu est:—

Ἄνακτα σώζοις Ἑλλάδος Γεώργιον,
ξυνάορόν τε φιλτάτην· θάλλοι δ' ἀεὶ
Σπάρτης Δυνάστωρ, πᾶς τε βασιλικὸς δόμος·
ἀστοῖς δὲ δοίης ὄλβον εἰρήνην τ' ἔχειν.

THE GENERAL CONFESSION.

ALMIGHTY and most merciful Father; We have erred, and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep. We have followed too much the devices and desires of our own hearts. We have offended against thy holy laws. We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; And we have done those things which we ought not to have done; And there is no health in us. But thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable offenders. Spare thou them, O God, which confess their faults. Restore thou them that are penitent; According to thy promises declared unto mankind in Christ Jesu our Lord. And grant, O most merciful Father, for his sake; That we may hereafter live a godly, righteous, and sober life, To the glory of thy holy Name. Amen.

Η ΚΑΘΟΛΙΚΗ ΕΞΟΜΟΛΟΓΗΣΙΣ.

Πάτερ μέγιστε κἀλεημονέστατε,
ἀπολωλόθ'[1] οἷα πρόβατα, μυρίαις πλάναις
ἀπεστράφημεν τῆλε Σῶν ὁδῶν ἄπο·
ὁρμαῖς ἐφεσπόμεσθα τῆς κενῆς φρενός·
νόμους δὲ πρὸς Σοὺς παναγίους ἐπταίσαμεν·
ἃ μὲν προσῆκεν, ἠμελήσαμεν τὸ δρᾷν·
ἃ δ' οὐ προσῆκε, ταῦτα πάντ' ἐδράσαμεν.
ἐν δ' ἧμιν οὐκέτ' ἐστ' ἄκος σωτήριον.
ἀλλ' ἴσθι, Κύρι', ἵλεως τοῖς ἀθλίοις·
ὅσοι δ' ἑαυτῶν ὁμολογοῦσ' ἁμαρτίας,
Ὁ Θεός, Σὺ φείδου· καὶ κατόρθωσον πάλιν
τοὺς μετανοοῦντας, ὡς ἐπηγγείλω σαφῶς
ἅπασιν ἐν τῷ Κυρίῳ Χριστῷ βροτοῖς.
Κείνου δ' ἕκατι δός, φιλοίκτιρμον Πάτερ,
ἡμῖν βιῶναι σώφρον', εὐσεβῆ βίον
τοὐνθένδ', ἵν' ἁγνὸν ὄνομα δοξασθῇ τὸ Σόν.
'Αμήν.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, For ever and ever. Amen.

Η ΚΥΡΙΑΚΗ ΕΥΧΗ[2].

Ὦ τρισμέγιστε γῆς τε κοὐρανοῦ Πάτερ,
ἁγναῖς λιταῖσι τοὔνομ' ὑμνείσθω τὸ Σόν·
τῆς Σῆς φανήτω πᾶσι βασιλείας σέλας·
τὸ Σὸν κρατείτω γῆς ἐφ', ὡς ἐν οὐρανῷ,
βούλημα· τὸν καθ' ἡμέραν ἄρτον δίδου.
τὰ δ' ἀμπλακήματ', εὐχόμεσθ', ἡμῖν ἄφες,
ἡμεῖς γὰρ ἀλλήλοισιν ὧδ' ἀφίεμεν[3]·
φείδου Σύ, μηδ' ἐς πεῖραν ἐμβάλῃς σφοδράν.
ἔργων πονηρῶν κἀθέων ἐχθρῶν ἄπο
ῥῦσαι Σὰ τέκνα· Σοὶ γάρ ἐστ' ἀλκή, κράτος,
καὶ δόξα γ' εἰς ἀτέρμον' αἰώνων δρόμον.
Ἀμήν.

'TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.'

WE praise thee, O God : we acknowledge the to be the Lord.

All the earth doth worship thee : the Father everlasting.

To thee all Angels cry aloud : the Heavens, and all the Powers therein.

To thee Cherubin, and Seraphin : continually do cry,

Holy, Holy, Holy : Lord God of Sabaoth ;

Heaven and earth are full of the Majesty : of thy Glory.

The glorious company of the Apostles : praise thee.

The goodly fellowship of the Prophets : praise thee.

The noble army of Martyrs : praise thee.

The holy Church throughout all the world : doth acknowledge thee;

The Father : of an infinite Majesty;

Thine honourable, true : and only Son;

Also the Holy Ghost : the Comforter.

Thou art the King of Glory : O Christ.

Thou art the everlasting Son : of the Father.

Ο ΤΟΥ ΑΓΙΟΥ ΑΜΒΡΟΣΙΟΥ ΥΜΝΟΣ.

Αἰνέομέν Σε Θεόν [4], λέγομεν δὲ Σὲ Κύριον εἶναι.
Πᾶσά Σε γαῖα σέβει, πάντων Πατέρ᾽ αἰὲν ἐόντα.
Ἀγγελικός Σε χόρος, πάντες θ᾽ ὕπατοί [5] Σε βοῶσι.
Σοὶ δὲ Χερουβίν, Σοὶ Σεραφὶν δ᾽ ᾄδουσιν ἄϋπνοι,
Ἁγνέ, μάλ᾽ ἁγνέ, τρὶς ἁγνέ, Θεὸς Βασιλεύς τε
Σαβαώθ·
Οὐρανός ἐστι πλέως καὶ γῆ Σῆς, Κύριε, δόξης.
Σοὶ δέ, χόρος κλειτός, κελαδοῦσ᾽ οἱ Ἀπόστολοι αἶνον,
Σοὶ δ᾽ ὕμνους, ὁμόφρων ὄχλος [6], προχέουσι Προφῆται.
Σέ, στράτος ἴφθιμος, στεφανοῦσ᾽ οἱ Μάρτυρες αἴνῳ.
Καί ῥά Σε γῆς πάσης ἔκλεκτος ὁμήγυρις ὑμνεῖ,
Τὸν Πατέρ᾽, ᾧ τε κράτος, τιμή, καὶ δόξ᾽ ἀπέραντος·
Μουνογενῆ δ᾽ ἐντιμότατόν τε Σὸν Υἱὸν ἀληθῆ·
Πνεῦμα δ᾽ ὁμῶς Ἅγιον, Παράκλητον φίλτατον ἡμῖν.
Ὑψίστης βασιλεὺς δόξης, ὦ Χριστέ, Σύ γ᾽ ἔσσι,
Πατρὸς τοῦ πάντων [7] ἐπέκειν᾽ ὑπερούσιος υἱός.

When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man: thou didst not abhor the Virgin's womb.

When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death : thou didst open the Kingdom of Heaven to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God : in the Glory of the Father.

We believe that thou shalt come : to be our Judge.

We therefore pray thee, help thy servants : whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood.

Make them to be numbered with thy Saints : in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people : and bless thine heritage.

Govern them : and lift them up for ever.

Day by day : we magnify thee ;

And we worship thy Name : ever world without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord : to keep us this day without sin.

O Lord, have mercy upon us : have mercy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us : as our trust is in thee.

O Lord, in thee have I trusted : let me never be confounded.

Ῥυσόμενος [8] Σὺ τὸν ἄνθρωπον, τλὰς σάρκα δυθῆναι,
Γαστέρα παρθενίαν οὐκ ἔπτυσας [9], οὐράνιός περ.
Πικρὰ δὲ νικήσας θανάτῳ θανάτοιο βέλεμνα,
Οὐρανίαν πιστοῖς βασιλείαν πᾶσιν ἄνῳξας.
Ἔνθα δ᾽ ἔπειτα Θεοῦ καθίσας ἐπὶ δεξιὰ χειρός,
Πατρὸς ἐν ἀϊδίᾳ δόξης καταφαίνεαι αἴγλῃ.
Ὡς [10] δὲ Κριτὴς ἡμῶν, πιστεύομεν, αὖθις ἐλεύσῃ.
Εὐχόμεθ᾽ οὖν Σε, Σὺ τοῖς Σαυτοῦ δούλοισιν ἄρηξον,
Ὧν ὕπερ αἷμα τὸ Σόν, πολύτιμον λύτρον ἔδωκας.
Νεῦσον δέ σφιν ἀριθμεῖσθαι σὺν Σοῖς ἁγίοισι
Δόξῃ ἐν ὑψίστῃ γενεῶν γενέαισι μενούσῃ.
Σῶζε Σύ, τὸν λαὸν τὸν Σαυτοῦ, Κύριε, σῶζε·
Κληρονόμους δ᾽ ἀγαθῶν τῶν Σῶν ὄλβιζε Σὺ πάντας.
Καὶ βασίλευ᾽ αὐτῶν, κεἰς τοὺς αἰῶνας ἔπαιρε.
Ἧ Σ᾽ ἡμεῖς καθ᾽ ἕκαστον, Ἄναξ, μεγαλύνομεν ἦμαρ,
Σὸν δ᾽ ὄνομ᾽ εἰς αἰῶν᾽ ὁσίοισι σεβίζομεν ὕμνοις.
Σῶζ᾽ ἀναμαρτήτους, ὦ Κύριε, σήμερον ἡμᾶς.
Σοὺς ἐλέαιρ᾽ ἱκέτας· ἐλέαιρ᾽, ὦ Κύριε, τοὺς Σούς.
Ἐκ δ᾽ ἔλεος φαίνοιθ᾽ ὁ Σός· ἐκ Σοῦ γὰρ κρεμάμεσθα·
Κύριε [11], Σοί γε πέποιθ᾽· ἐμὲ μή ποτ᾽ ἐς αἶσχος ἀπώσῃς.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

I BELIEVE in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth :

And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord. Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, Born of the Virgin Mary, Suffered under Pontius Pilate, Was crucified, dead, and buried, He descended into hell ; The third day he rose again from the dead, He ascended into heaven, And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty ; From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead.

I believe in the Holy Ghost ; The holy Catholick Church ; The Communion of Saints ; The Forgiveness of sins ; The Resurrection of the body, And the life everlasting. Amen.

ΤΟ ΤΩΝ ΑΠΟΣΤΟΛΩΝ ΣΥΜΒΟΛΟΝ[12].

Τῷ παμμεγίστῳ Πατρὶ πιστεύω Θεῷ,
"Ος οὐρανόν τε γῆν τ' ἐμηχανήσατο·
Χριστῷ δ' Ἰησοῦ, μονογενεῖ Θεοῦ γόνῳ,
Τῷ Κυρίῳ·[13] τοῦ Πνεύματος δ' ἁγνῇ σπορᾷ
Θεῖος Μαρίας[14] παρθένου 'τέχθη τόκος.
Ὁ δ' οὖν, ὅτ' ἦν Πιλᾶτος[15] ἡγεμὼν χθονός,
Σταυρῷ παγεὶς ἀπέθανε, κατάφη τάφῳ,
Κατέβη δ' ἐς "Αιδου, τοῖς[16] κάτω μεμιγμένος·
Ἀλλ'[17] ἐκ νεκρῶν ἐξήλαθ' ἡμέρᾳ τρίτῃ,
Ἀνέβη δ' ἐς αἰπὺν οὐρανὸν νικηφόρος,
Ἐκ δεξιῶν τε τοῦ Πατρὸς καθέζεται[18]
Τοῦ Παγκρατοῦς· μέλλει δ' ἄρ' ἔρχεσθαι πάλιν
Ἐς γῆν, ἵν' ᾖ ζώντων τε καὶ νεκρῶν Κριτής.
"Αγιον[19] δὲ σέβομαι Πνεῦμα, φῶς Θεοῦ τρίτον·
Ἁγνήν θ' ὁμολογῶ Καθολικὴν Ἐκκλησίαν,
Ἁγίων τε πάντων τὴν μίαν κοινωνίαν·
"Αφεσιν δὲ τῶν πρίν· Σώματος δ' ἀνάστασιν,
Ζωὴν δ' ἔπειτ' ἐν οὐρανοῖς αἰώνιον.

Ἀμήν.

THE LITANY.

O GOD the Father, of heaven : have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Father, of heaven : have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world : have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Son, Redeemer of the world : have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son : have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O God the Holy Ghost, proceeding from the Father and the Son : have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God : have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

O holy, blessed, and glorious Trinity, three Persons and one God : have mercy upon us miserable sinners.

Remember not, Lord, our offences, nor the offences of our forefathers ; neither take thou vengeance of our sins : spare us, good Lord, spare thy people,

Η ΛΙΤΑΝΕΙΑ[20].

Ὁ λειτουργός.

Ὁ Θεός[21], ὁ πάντων οὐρανῶν ἄναξ Πατήρ,
ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς τἄσχαθ' ἡμαρτηκότας[22].

Ταῦτὰ λέγει ὁ λαός.

Ὁ λειτουργός.

Κόσμου δὲ Σωτήρ, Υἱὸς Ὑψίστου, Θεός,
ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς τἄσχαθ' ἡμαρτηκότας.

Ταῦτὰ λέγει ὁ λαός.

Ὁ λειτουργός.

Ἅγιον[23] δὲ Πνεῦμα, Πατρὸς ἠδ' Υἱοῦ πάρα,
ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς τἄσχαθ' ἡμαρτηκότας.

Ταῦτὰ λέγει ὁ λαός.

Ὁ λειτουργός.

Ἁγία, μάκαιρα, καὶ μάλ' ἔνδοξος Τριάς,
ὑποστάσεις μὲν τρεῖς, Θεὸς δ' εἷς ὢν μόνος.
ἐλέησον ἡμᾶς τἄσχαθ' ἡμαρτηκότας.

Ταῦτὰ λέγει ὁ λαός.

Ἡμεῖς[24] δὲ χοῒ τεκόντες οἷ' ἐδράσαμεν,
μὴ μνευμονεύσῃς, μηδ' ἀπαιτήσῃς δίκην·

whom thou hast redeemed with thy most precious blood, and be not angry with us for ever.

Spare us, good Lord.

From all evil and mischief; from sin, from the crafts and assaults of the devil; from thy wrath, and from everlasting damnation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all blindness of heart; from pride, vainglory, and hypocrisy; from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From fornication, and all other deadly sin; and from all the deceits of the world, the flesh, and the devil,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From lightning and tempest; from plague, pestilence, and famine; from battle and murder, and from sudden death,

Good Lord, deliver us.

From all sedition, privy conspiracy, and rebellion; from all false doctrine, heresy, and schism; from hardness of heart, and contempt of thy Word and Commandment,

Good Lord, deliver us.

φεῖσαι δέ· φεῖσαι τῶν Σέθεν, τῶν αἵματι
τῷ Σῷ λύτρον τε κἄφεσιν κεκτημένων.
Φεῖσαι, Μάκαρ·[25] μηδ' ἧμιν ὀργισθῇς ἀεί.
Κακοῦ δὲ παντός, ξυμφορᾶς, ἁμαρτίας,
ἐνεδρῶν συχνῶν τε Διαβόλου σοφισμάτων,
ὀργῆς τε τῆς Σῆς, κρίματός τ' αἰωνίου,
Ῥῦσαι Σύ γ' ἡμᾶς, ὦ Μάκαρ, τοιῶνδ'[26] ἄπο.
Τυφλοῦ δὲ θυμοῦ καὶ φρενῶν ἀνομμάτων,
ἀλαζονείας, ὑποκρίσεως, ἔχθρας, φθόνου,
καὶ δυσμενείας, κἀφιλανθρώπου[27] τρόπου,
Ῥῦσαι Σύ γ' ἡμᾶς, ὦ Μάκαρ, τοιῶνδ' ἄπο.
Ἀκαθαρσίας δέ, θανασίμου θ' ἁμαρτίας
ἄλλης ἁπάσης, τῶν τε τοῦ Κόσμου δόλων,
σαρκός τε χἃς Διάβολος ἐμπλέκει πλοκάς,
Ῥῦσαι Σύ γ' ἡμᾶς, ὦ Μάκαρ, τοιῶνδ' ἄπο.
Ἀπ' ἀστραπῆς τε καὶ καταιγίδος, νόσου,
λοιμοῦ τε, λιμοῦ τ' αἴθοπος, μαχῶν, φόνων[28],
δεινοῦ δ' ἐπισκήπτοντος ἐξαίφνης μόρου,
Ῥῦσαι Σύ γ' ἡμᾶς, ὦ Μάκαρ, τοιῶνδ' ἄπο.
Στάσεως, πονηρᾶς συστροφῆς, ἀναρχίας,
σαθρᾶς τε διδαχῆς, αἱρέσεως, καὶ σχίσματος,
σκληροῦ μὲν ἤθους, δυσκόλου δὲ καρδίας,
καὶ τοῦ λόγων Σῶν κἀντολῶν ὑπερφρονεῖν,
Ῥῦσαι Σύ γ' ἡμᾶς, ὦ Μάκαρ, τοιῶνδ' ἄπο.

By the mystery of thy holy Incarnation; by thy holy Nativity and Circumcision; by thy Baptism, Fasting, and Temptation,

Good Lord, deliver us.

By thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion; by thy precious Death and Burial; by thy glorious Resurrection and Ascension; and by the coming of the Holy Ghost,

Good Lord, deliver us.

In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death, and in the day of judgement,

Good Lord, deliver us.

We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God; and that it may please thee to rule and govern thy holy Church universal in the right way;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to keep and strengthen in the true worshipping of thee, in righteousness and holiness of life, thy Servant *VICTORIA*, our most gracious Queen and Governour;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Ναὶ πρός Σε πάντων τῶν Σέθεν μυστηρίων,
γενεθλίων, σαρκός τε, περιτομῆς τε Σῆς,
λουτρῶν τε, νηστείας τε, πειρασμοῦ τε Σοῦ,
Ῥῦσαι Σύ γ᾽ ἡμᾶς, Κύρι᾽, ἐπικαλουμένους.

Ἀγωνίαν[29] Σε τλάνθ᾽, ἱδρῶθ᾽ αἱμόῤῥυτον,
σταυρόν τε, θάνατόν τ᾽, ἔσχατον πάθος, ταφήν,
ἡμῶν ἄποινα τῆς ἁμαρτίας πικρά,
ἀνστάντα[30] δ᾽ αὖθις, κἀναβάντ᾽ ἐς οὐρανόν,
πέμψαντα δ᾽ Ἅγιον Πνεῦμα, Παράκλητον γλυκύν,
Ῥῦσαι Σύ γ᾽ ἡμᾶς, Κύρι᾽, ἐπικαλουμένους.

Ὅταν μὲν ὠμὴ Θλῖψις ἧμιν ἐμπέσῃ,
ὅταν δὲ καὶ φαιδρωπὸς εὐδία φανῇ,
θανάτου δ᾽ ἐν ὥρᾳ καὶ κρίσεως ἐν ἡμέρᾳ,
Ῥῦσαι Σύ γ᾽ ἡμᾶς, Κύρι᾽, ἐπικαλουμένους.

Ὁ Θεός, κλῦ᾽ ἡμῶν τῶν ἁμαρτωλῶν λιτάς·
ἁγίαν τε τὴν Σὴν Καθολικὴν Ἐκκλησίαν
μάλ᾽ ἵλεως πρόπεμψον εὐθείαις ὁδοῖς.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

Ἡμῶν δ᾽ ἄνασσαν σῶζε καὶ φύλασσ᾽ ἀεί,
Αὐτὸς παραστάς· εὐσεβῆ δ᾽ ἄγοι βίον,
τῆς Σῆς λατρείας τῆς τ᾽ Ἀληθείας τροφός.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

That it may please thee to rule her heart in thy faith, fear, and love, and that she may evermore have affiance in thee, and ever seek thy honour and glory;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to be her defender and keeper, giving her the victory over all her enemies;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and preserve *Albert Edward* Prince of *Wales*, the Princess of *Wales*, and all the Royal Family;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to illuminate all Bishops, Priests, and Deacons, with true knowledge and understanding of thy Word; and that both by their preaching and living they may set it forth, and shew it accordingly;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to endue the Lords of the Council, and all the Nobility, with grace, wisdom, and understanding;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bless and keep the Magistrates, giving them grace to execute justice, and to maintain truth;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Πίστιν φόβον τε δὸς Σὺ κἀγαπὴν Σέθεν
ἔχειν σφ', ἀεί τε Σοῖσι πειθαρχεῖν νόμοις,
τιμήν τε καὶ Σὴν δόξαν ἐν πᾶσιν σκοπεῖν[31].
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.
Δὸς δ' εὐτυχεῖν νιν· δὸς δὲ τῷ σκήπτρῳ κράτος·
οἴκοι δὲ δὸς γλυκεῖαν εἰρήνην ἰδεῖν·
ἐχθρῶν δὲ πάντων χεῖρ' ἔχειν ὑπερτέραν.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.
Τῆς Καμβρίας δὲ σῶζ' ἀεὶ τὸν προστάτην,
καὶ τὴν ξύνευνον· δὸς δὲ κάρτ' εὐδαιμονεῖν
αὐτούς τε καὶ πᾶν βασιλικοῦ δόμου γένος.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.
Ποίμνης[32] δὲ τῆς Σῆς, λισσόμεσθ', ἐπισκόπους,
καὶ ποιμένας φώτιζε, καὶ διακόνους,
λαλεῖν τε καὶ δρᾷν Σὸν κατ' ἀψευδῆ λόγον.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.
Νεῦσον δὲ καὶ τῆς βασιλικῆς αὐλῆς πρόμοις,
τῆς γῆς τε δεσπόταισι, τὴν Σαυτοῦ χάριν,
σοφίαν τε, τοῦ νοῦ δ' ὄμμ' ἁπλοῦν λαμπρόν τ' ἔχειν.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.
Τοῖς δ' ἐν τέλει βεβῶσι, τοῖς θ' ἡγουμένοις,
τοῖς δ' αὖ δικάσταις, δὸς νόμων χρηστῶν κρίσιν
κρίνειν δικαίαν, τήν τ' Ἀλήθειαν φιλεῖν.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

That it may please thee to bless and keep all thy people;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give to all nations unity, peace, and concord;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us an heart to love and dread thee, and diligently to live after thy commandments;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give to all thy people increase of grace to hear meekly thy Word, and to receive it with pure affection, and to bring forth the fruits of the Spirit;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to bring into the way of truth all such as have erred, and are deceived;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to strengthen such as do stand; and to comfort and help the weak-hearted; and to raise up them that fall; and finally to beat down Satan under our feet;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Σὲ δ' αὖθις ἐξαιτούμεθ', ὦ Μέγιστ' Ἄναξ,
Σὸν λαὸν εὐλογεῖν τε διασώζειν θ' ὅλον.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

Νεῦσον δ' ἔτ', εὐχόμεσθα, πᾶσιν ἔθνεσι
προθυμίαν θ' ὁμόφρονα, καὶ γνώμην μίαν,
φρονεῖν τε ταὐτά, δῶρά τ' εἰρήνης λαβεῖν [33].
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

Φιλεῖν δὲ καὶ τρέσαι Σε δὸς Σὺ καρδίαν
ἡμῖν, ἕπεσθαι δ' ἐντολαῖς ταῖς Σαῖς ἀεί.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

Λαῷ δὲ παντὶ μείζον' ἐπίνευσον [34] χάριν
τῷ Σῷ, κλύειν Σὸν ῥῆμα σὺν σεμνῷ φόβῳ,
καθαρᾷ δέχεσθαι καρδίᾳ, στέργειν δέ νιν,
ἐπαξίους δὲ Πνεύματος καρποὺς φέρειν.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

Τοῖς δ' ἀμπλακοῦσι, τοῖσι δ' ἠπατημένοις,
ἡγοῦ Σὺ πᾶσιν εἰς Ἀληθείας ὁδόν.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

Συνεχῶς δὲ τοῖς ἑστῶσιν ἔμπνευσον μένος,
τοὺς δ' ἐλλιπόντας ἀνακάλει, θέλγων κέαρ,
ὄρθου δὲ τοὺς πεσόντας, ἔνθα δ' εἰς τέλος
Σατανᾶν ὑφ' ἡμῶν θὲς Σὺ λὰξ πατούμενον.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

That it may please thee to succour, help, and comfort, all that are in danger, necessity, and tribulation;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water, all women labouring of child, all sick persons, and young children; and to shew thy pity upon all prisoners and captives;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to defend, and provide for, the fatherless children, and widows, and all that are desolate and oppressed;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to have mercy upon all men;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to forgive our enemies, persecutors, and slanderers, and to turn their hearts;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Θνητοῖς δ' ὅσοι πάρεισι κίνδυνοι, πικρᾶς
μοίρας ἀνάγκαι, κἀπόρου θλῖψις βίου,
τοιαῦθ' ὅταν πάσχωμεν, ἧμιν ἴσθι Σὺ
τροφεύς τε σύμμαχός τε καὶ παρήγορος.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

Γῆς [35] ποντίων τε κυμάτων ὁδοιπόρους,
τὰς δ' ἐν πικραῖς ὠδῖσιν ἐχομένας τόκων,
τοὺς δ' ἀσθενοῦντας, καὶ νεογνὰ παιδία,
διάσωζε πάντας· τοῖς δὲ δεσμώταις ἔτι,
τοῖς δ' αἰχμαλώταις ἔλεον [36] ἔκφηνον Σέθεν.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

Νεῦσον δὲ καὶ τάδ', ὀρφανοῖς δοῦναι τροφήν,
χήραις τ' ἀρήγειν, καὶ προΐστασθαι φίλος·
Σοὶ δ' αὖ πενήτων, τῶν θ' ὑβρισθέντων μέλοι.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

Θυμὸν δ' ἔχοις πρὸς πάντας ἀνθρώπους, ὅσοι
κατὰ χθόν' εἰσ', οἰκτίρμον', ὦ πάντων Ἄναξ.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

Ἀλλ' αὖ Σε πάντων εὐχόμεσθ' ἐχθρῶν ὕπερ,
καὶ τῶν ὑβριστῶν, λοιδόρων τ'· αὐτοῖς ἄφες,
κέαρ [37] δὲ πρὸς τὰ κρείσσονα στρέψον πάλιν.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

That it may please thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth, so as in due time we may enjoy them;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

That it may please thee to give us true repentance; to forgive us all our sins, negligences, and ignorances; and to endue us with the grace of thy Holy Spirit to amend our lives according to thy holy Word;

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord.

Son of God: we beseech thee to hear us.

Son of God: we beseech thee to hear us.

O Lamb of God: that takest away the sins of the world;

Grant us thy peace.

O Lamb of God: that takest away the sins of the world:

Have mercy upon us.

O Christ, hear us.

O Christ, hear us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Lord, have mercy upon us.

Ὧν ἂν δὲ καρπῶν τοῖς βροτοῖς χρεία παρῇ,
φίλη δὲ γαῖ᾽ ἑκάστοτ᾽ ἐκφέρῃ, δίδου,
καὶ σῶζ᾽, ἵν᾽ αὐτοῖς καιρίως χρησώμεθα.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

Ἡμῖν δ᾽ ἀληθῆ δὸς φρενῶν μεταλλαγήν·
τὰ δ᾽ ἀμπλακήμαθ᾽, οἷα δ᾽ ὑστερήκαμεν,
εἴτ᾽ ἐξ ἀνοίας, εἴτ᾽ ἀπ᾽ ἀμελείας, ἄφες·
μετάδος [38] δὲ τοῦ Σοῦ Πνεύματος μέτρον πλέον,
κατ᾽ ἐντολὰς Σὰς ὥστ᾽ ἀνορθῶσαι βίον.
Ἱκετῶν ἄκουσον, ὦ Κράτιστε Κύριε.

Λιτὰς [39] μὲν ἡμῶν, ὦ Θεοῦ τέκνον, κλύε·
Τέκνον Θεοῦ, Σὺ δ᾽ ἱκεσίας εὐχὰς δέχου.

Κόσμου δ᾽ ὃς αἴρεις ἀδικίας ἀμνὸς Θεοῦ,
Ἡμῖν Σεαυτοῦ δὸς Σύ γ᾽ εἰρήνης τυχεῖν.

Πάντων δ᾽ ὁ δοὺς Σεαυτὸν ἀνθρώπων ὕπερ,
Θεοῦ Σύ γ᾽ ἀμνός, ἵλεως ἡμῖν γενοῦ.

Ἡμῶν λιτάς, ὦ Χρίστ᾽, ἄκουέ [40] γ᾽ ἀλλὰ νῦν.
Ὦ Χριστέ, θρήνους τούσδε καὶ γόους κλύε.

Ἐλέησον [41] ἡμᾶς, ὦ μέγιστε Κύριε.
Ἐλέησον, εἶ γάρ, Κύρι᾽, ἐλεήμων ἀεί.

Christ, have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.
Lord, have mercy upon us.

¶ Then shall the Priest, and the people with him, say the Lord's Prayer.

OUR Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, As it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, As we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil. Amen.

Priest. O Lord, deal not with us after our sins.

Answer. Neither reward us after our iniquities.

Let us pray.

O GOD, merciful Father, that despisest not the sighing of a contrite heart, nor the desire of such as be sorrowful; Mercifully assist our prayers that we make before thee in all our troubles and adversities, whensoever they oppress us; and graciously hear us, that those evils, which the craft and subtilty of the devil or man worketh against us, be brought to nought; and by the providence

Ὦ Χριστέ, Σ' ἔλεον, ἔλεον ἐξαιτούμεθα·
Παράσχες, ὦ Χριστ', ἔλεον ἐξαιτουμένοις.

Ὦ Κύρι', ἔλεος ἐλθέτω φανεὶς ὁ Σός.
Ὦ Κύρι', ἔλεον αὐτὸς ἔλθ' ἡμῖν φέρων.

ΤΗΝ ΚΥΡΙΑΚΗΝ ΕΥΧΗΝ,

ὡς καὶ πρότερον, πάντες ὁμοῦ λέξουσιν.

Ὁ λειτουργός.

Ὦ Κύρι', ἡμᾶς μὴ Σύ γ' ἐκπράξῃς δίκην·

Ὁ λαός.

Μηδ' [42] ἧμιν, ὦναξ, ἀντισηκώσῃς ἴσα.

Δεηθῶμεν.

Ἀλλ' ἵλεως κλῦ, ὦ Θεός τε καὶ Πατήρ·
οὐκ ἂν ποτ' ἀποβάλοις Σὺ συντετριμμένης
φρενὸς στεναγμούς, οὐδὲ τῶν λυπουμένων
ψιθυρίσματ' οἰκτρά, κὠδύνας ἀποπτύσαις·
ἦ πολλά γ' ἡμεῖς πολλάκις γοώμεθα,
ἄλγη παθόντες, καὶ δαμασθέντες [43] πόνοις.
βέλη δ' ὁρατὰ [44] κἀόρατ' ἐχθρῶν ὕπο,
ἐνθένδ', ἐκεῖθεν, σῶμα καὶ ψυχὴν πέριξ
βληθέντ' ἔτρωσεν, ὥστ' ἀθυμοῦμεν θάμα·
Σὺ τῶνδ' ἀπήμων, ἀλλ' ὅμως ἐπήβολος

of thy goodness they may be dispersed; that we thy servants, being hurt by no persecutions, may evermore give thanks unto thee in thy holy Church; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for thy Name's sake.

O GOD, we have heard with our ears, and our fathers have declared unto us, the noble works that thou didst in their days, and in the old time before them.

O Lord, arise, help us, and deliver us for thine honour.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son : and to the Holy Ghost;

Answer. As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be : world without end. Amen.

From our enemies defend us, O Christ.

Graciously look upon our afflictions.

Pitifully behold the sorrows of our hearts.

Mercifully forgive the sins of thy people.

Favourably with mercy hear our prayers.

O Son of David, have mercy upon us.

ἐλέου μάλιστα, καὶ φιλοικτίρμων ἀεί.
κλύοις ἂν οὖν· εἰς τοὔμπαλιν[45] δ' ἐχθρῶν μέθες
σοφίσμαθ'· ἡμῖν δ' ἴσθι καταφυγὴ πόνων,
κακῶν τε πάντων ἀσφαλέστατος λιμήν·
ἵν' αἰνέσῃ Σε, νῦν τ' ἀεί τ', ἀφειμένη
ζυγοῦ πονηροῦ, παντελὴς Ἐκκλησία,
Ὁσία, δικαία, Κυρίου Χριστοῦ χάριν.
Ὁ Θεός, ἐγερθεὶς δὸς φάος σωτήριον,
ῥῦσαι δὲ τοὺς Σοὺς Ὀνόματος[46] τοῦ Σοῦ χάριν.

Ἡμῖν δι' ὤτων ἦλθεν ἡ φημὴ σάφα,
πρόγονοι δ' ἔδειξαν, οἷα θαύματ' εἰργάσω,
νέον[47] τ' ἐπ' αὐτῶν, ἔν τε τοῖς πάλαι χρόνοις.
Ὁ Θεός, ἐγερθεὶς δὸς φάος σωτήριον,
ῥῦσαι δὲ τοὺς Σούς, ὡς πρέπει Τιμῇ Σέθεν.

Τῷ Πατρὶ[48] δόξ', Υἱῷ τ' ἴσῃ, καὶ Πνεύματι·
Ὡς ἦν ἀπ' ἀρχῆς, ἐστὶ νῦν, ἔσται δ' ἀεί.
Ἀμήν.

Ὦ Χρίστ', ἀπ' ἐχθρῶν πύργος ἴσθ' ἡμῖν μέγας.
Ὁποῖα θλιβόμεσθ' ἐποίκτειρον βλέπων.
Ἔπιδε δι' οἴκτου καρδίας ἀλγηδόνας.
Σύγγνωθι[49] τῶν Σῶν, Κύρι', ἵλεως πλάναις.
Δέχου πρόφρων ἐς ὦτα τάσδ' ἡμῶν λιτάς.
Οἴκτειρε, Δαυὶδ Παῖς Σὺ Κύριός θ' ὁμῶς.

Both now and ever vouchsafe to hear us, O Christ.

Graciously hear us, O Christ; graciously hear us, O Lord Christ.

Priest. O Lord, let thy mercy be shewed upon us;

Answer. As we do put our trust in thee.

Let us pray.

WE humbly beseech thee, O Father, mercifully to look upon our infirmities; and for the glory of thy Name turn from us all those evils that we most righteously have deserved; and grant, that in all our troubles we may put our whole trust and confidence in thy mercy, and evermore serve thee in holiness and pureness of living, to thy honour and glory; through our only Mediator and Advocate, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

Καὶ νῦν, ἀεί τε, Χριστέ, Σοῦ λαοῦ κλύε.
  Εὔνους ἄκου', ἄκουε, Χριστὲ Κύριε.
Ἡμῖν φανήτω, Κύρι', ἔλεος ἐκ Σέθεν·
  Σοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἡμεῖς, Σοὶ μόνῳ, πεποίθαμεν.

Δεηθῶμεν.

Σὲ προσπίτνοντες λιπαροῦμεν, ὦ Πάτερ·
  Σοὶ μὲν γὰρ ἀλκή, καὶ μεγασθενὲς κράτος,
ἡμεῖς δὲ θνητοί, καὶ τὰ πάντ' ἀναλκίδες·
ταῖς ἀσθενείαις, καὶ παναθλίαις πλάναις,
σύγγνωθι· πάντων δ' ἀπότροπος γενοῦ κακῶν,
δεινῆς τε ποινῆς, ἧσπερ ἐσμὲν ἄξιοι.
πίστιν δ' ὄφελλε, κἀλπίδ' ἄγκυραν πέλειν
ψυχῆς βεβαίαν, ἐκ Σέθεν καθειμένην.
πόριζε δ' ἡμῖν εὐσεβῆ τ' ἄγειν βίον,
καὶ Σοὶ λατρεύειν πανταχῆ, τιμᾷν δέ Σε
ὁσίαις λιταῖσι, Κυρίου Χριστοῦ χάριν,
ἡμῶν μεσίτου, καὶ παρηγόρου μόνου.

A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

ALMIGHTY God, Father of all mercies, we thine unworthy servants do give thee most humble and hearty thanks for all thy goodness and loving-kindness to us, and to all men. We bless thee for our creation, preservation, and all the blessings of this life; but above all, for thine inestimable love in the redemption of the world by our Lord Jesus Christ; for the means of grace, and for the hope of glory. And, we beseech thee, give us that due sense of all thy mercies, that our hearts may be unfeignedly thankful, and that we shew forth thy praise, not only with our lips, but in our lives; by giving up ourselves to thy service, and by walking before thee in holiness and righteousness all our days; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom

Η ΚΑΘΟΛΙΚΗ ΕΥΧΑΡΙΣΤΙΑ.

Ὁ Θεὸς ὁ παγκράτιστος, οἰκτιρμῶν Πατήρ,
δοῦλοι μὲν ἡμεῖς πάντ᾽ ἀνάξιοι Σέθεν,
μεγαλύνομεν Σέ γ᾽, εὐλογοῦμεν ἐκ φρενός,
τὸν τἀγάθ᾽ ἀεί, χὤπόσ᾽ ἐστι χρήσιμα,
ἡμῖν διδόντα, παντὶ δ᾽ ἀνθρώπων γένει.
Κτίστην Σὲ πάντων, καὶ μάλισθ᾽ ἡμῶν φίλον
Σωτῆρα, καὶ καθ᾽ ἡμέραν εὐεργέτην
ἐν πᾶσι τοῖς φέρουσι πρὸς τὸν νῦν βίον,
τούτων ὕπερ Σ᾽ αἰνοῦμεν· ἀλλ᾽ ἔτ᾽ οὖν πλέον,
λόγων δέ πόρσω, Σὴν δι᾽ ἄῤῥητον βροτοῖς
εὔνοιαν, ἔνθεν ἐξέλαμψεν ἐμφανῶς,
Χριστοῦ θανόντος Κυρίου πάντων ὕπερ,
λυτήριον φῶς· εὐχαριστοῦμεν δὲ Σοί,
χάριτος ἀφορμὰς εἰς τὰ νῦν δεδωκότι,
βίου δὲ τοῦ μέλλοντος ἐλπίδ᾽ ὀλβίου.
πάντων δὲ, λισσόμεσθά Σ᾽, οἰκτιρμῶν Σέθεν
ἡμῖν πόριζ᾽ αἴσθησιν ἀξίαν ἔχειν,
ὥστ᾽ ἐξ ἁπάσης εὐχαριστῆσαι φρενός,
ἔργοις δ᾽ ὁμοίως, μηδὲ χείλεσιν μόνον·
Σὴ δόξ᾽ ἐν ἡμῖν Σόν θ᾽ ἵν᾽ ἐκλάμψῃ κλέος,
εἰθισμένοισι τόνδ᾽ ἄγειν ἀεὶ βίον,

with thee and the Holy Ghost be all honour and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

A PRAYER OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

ALMIGHTY God, who hast given us grace at this time with one accord to make our common supplications unto thee; and dost promise, that when two or three are gathered together in thy Name thou wilt grant their requests; Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, as may be most expedient for them; granting us in this world knowledge of thy truth, and in the world to come life everlasting. *Amen.*

2 *Cor.* xiii.

THE grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

Here endeth the LITANY.

ὅσιον, δίκαιον, Σήν τε λατρείαν τίειν.
τὰ πάντ' Ἰησοῦ Κυρίου Χριστοῦ χάριν
αἰτοῦμεθ', Ὧ σὺν Σοί τε, σύν τε Πνεύματι,
τιμή τε, δόξα τ', εἰς γένη τὰ πάντ' ἀεί.
Ἀμήν.

ΕΥΧΗ ΤΟΥ ΑΓΙΟΥ ΧΡΥΣΟΣΤΟΜΟΥ.

Ὁ Θεὸς ὁ παμμέγιστος, ὃς μιᾷ φρενὶ
δέδωκας ἡμῖν τάσδε παγκοίνους λιτάς,
εὐχάς [51] *τ' ἀνασχεῖν· ὃς δ' ἐπηγγείλω τορῶς,*
ὅπου δύ' ἢ τρεῖς τοὔνομ' ὑμνοῦσιν τὸ Σόν,
ὡς αὐτὸς αὐτῶν ἐν μέσῳ πρόφρων ἔσει,
χάριν [52] *τε θήσεις ἱμέρων τελεσφόρον·*
πλήρωσον, ὡς ἂν συμφέρῃ, τὰς νῦν λιτάς·
ἐν τῷ παρόντι τῆς Ἀληθείας διδοὺς
δούλοισι τοῖς Σοῖς τὴν ἐπιστήμην ἔχειν,
σὺν [53] *Σοὶ δ' ἔπειτα τὸν δι' αἰώνων βίον.*

β' Κορινθ. ιγ'. ιδ'.

Χριστοῦ δ' Ἰησοῦ Κυρίου θεία χάρις,
ἀγαπὴ δὲ πάντων Κτίστορος Θεοῦ Πατρός,
φίλη δὲ καὶ τοῦ Πνεύματος κοινωνία,
πάντων μεθ' ἡμῶν νῦν τε κεἰσαεὶ μένοι.

(Ὧδε τελευτᾷ ἡ Λιτανεία.)

NOTULAE.

1. PRO *ἀπολωλόθ' οἷα* criticus amicus proponit *ἐσπαρμέν' ὡσεί.*

2. Vide Sertum Carthusianum.

3. Pro *ὧδ' ἀφίεμεν* vult illustris censor *ἀνταφίεμεν*, conferens Eur. Iph. A. (Matt[ae]. Ed.) 467–8,

> *Ἐγώ σ' ἀπ' ὄσσων ἐκβαλόντ' ἰδὼν δάκρυ,*
> *ᾤκτειρα, καὐτὸς ἀντάφηκα σοὶ πάλιν.*

4. Vel .... *Σὲ νομίζομεν ὑψιμέδοντα*, ubi *νομίζομεν* valet, ni fallor, *jure et lege agnoscimus.* Vel *Σὲ δ' ἀείδομεν* .... Vel denique, si *ὑψιμέδοντα* minus placeat, ... *στέφομέν Σ' ὕμνοισιν Ἄνακτα.*

5. Legebam *πάντες τε θεοί* . . (vide Pss. lxxxii. 6; xcvii. 7; item John x. 35). Monente critico reverendissimo, quem mox amplius citabo, mutavi in *πάντες θ' ὕπατοι.*

6. Pro *ὄχλος* lege, si vis, *ἴλη.* Sed vide, ex centenis locis ubi in bono sensu *ὄχλος* usurpatur, Rev. vii. 9.

7. Cf. Greg. Naz. Hymn II. ad Deum:

> *Ὦ πάντων ἐπέκεινα· τί γὰρ θέμις ἄλλο Σὲ μέλπειν;*

8. Legebam *ἡνίκα δ' ἀνθρώπους ῥύσασθαι πάντας ὑπέστης.* Mutavi ad Latinum exemplar propius et verius. Namque, 'Tu, ad liberandum, suscepturus hominem,' valet, non, ut Anglica Versio, 'When thou tookest upon thee to deliver man,' sed 'When thou tookest man upon thee to deliver him.' Quod me monuit vir, modo jam citatus, et doctrina

et dignitate praestantissimus. Vel pro *τλὰς σάρκα δυθῆναι* lege *σάρκ' αὐτὸς ἐπενδύς.*

9. *πτύειν* valet 'abominari:' vid. Scholiast. Soph. Ant. 653 (Erf.).

10. *ὡς*, sc. *εἶναι.* Simili modo apud nos 'as;' as our Judge, i.e. 'to be' our Judge.

11. Vel, *Σοί γε πέποιθ', ὦναξ· σὺν μή ποτ' ἔγωγε χυθείην.*

12. Vid. 'Guardian,' Sept. 2, 1874.

13. Vel, pleno puncto post *Κυρίῳ* posito, pro *δ' ἁγνῇ* lege *σεμνῇ.* Hoc, ob mutatam constructionem, praetulisset illustris censor. Idem mox *ἕξης δ'* pro *ὁ δ' οὖν* proponit, et *κεῖσέδυ τάφον* pro *κατάφη τάφῳ.*

14. *Μαρία*, Hebraïce dissyllabicum sonans, Graece et Latine mediam syllabam nunc corripit, nunc producit. Id si malueris, versus in hunc modum fingi potest,

Μαρίας ἐγένετο παρθένου θεῖος τόκος.

15. *Πιλᾶτος*, sic Tischendorf. in Sin. Cod.: alii *Πίλατος*; nonnulli, *perperam*, *Πιλάτος.* Nomen enim sive a pileo, seu a pilo, derivatum, mediam producat syllabam necesse est.

16. Per amicum communem (cave dicas—me ipsum alloquor—'mutuum:' id, quantumvis in vulgo sit, soloecismus est) insignior quidam e criticis scribit debere '*οὐ* ante *δαρόν*' stare. Sed vis negativi cadit in *κάτω.* Omisso *δαρόν*, non nisi metro claudicaret versus. (Sc. legebam, *δαρὸν οὐ μενῶν κάτω*; mutavi, ut spero, in melius.) Cf. Greg. Naz. Hymn. III. 39 (Lips. Ed. 1871).

17. Vel, *'Αλλ' οὖν τριταῖος ἐκ νεκρῶν ἐξήλατο.*

18. *καθέζεται.* Ita a *καθέζετο* mutavi, non quasi de omisso augmento dubitem: id enim in hoc verbo Attice fieri credo:

sed quia et ad Anglicum Textum, et ad rem ipsam, Praesens Tempus, ut mihi videtur, hic melius quadrat.

19. Pro *ἅγιον* illustris censor vult hic legi *ὅσιον*, et proximo versu *ὁσίαν*. Sed de Sancto Spiritu non nisi *ἅγιον* usurpatum invenio. Tum, ne quatuor continui versus ab anapaesto incipiant, *ἁγνήν* retinui.

20. *Προλογίζει μὲν ὁ λειτουργός, παραδέχεται δὲ ὁ λαός. Τῃ μὲν γλώσσῃ ἀνὰ μέρος, τῇ δὲ φρενὶ διὰ παντός, λιτανεύομεν.*

21. Hic saepius Nom. pro Voc. Attice; vid. Matt[ae]. Gr. Gr. § 312. Sic, *ὦ δῖος αἰθήρ* Aesch. Prom. 88: *ὦ τύμβος* Soph. A. 882. Item in N. T. novies reperi *ὁ θεός* pro Voc.; *θεέ* non nisi in Matt. xxvii. 46 (ubi vid. Alf.).

22. Legebam *ἀθλίως ὀλωλότας*. Mutavi, ex sententia viri doctissimi et amicissimi, in *τἄσχαθ' ἡμαρτηκότας*.

23. Amplius, si velis,

> *Ὃς δ' ἐκπορεύει Πατρὸς ἠδ' Υἱοῦ πάρα,*
> *τρισάγιον ἀμφοῖν Πνεῦμα, καὐτὸς ὢν Θεός.*

Ἠδέ Porsonus vindicat Tragicis (Hec. 323): ego tamen non nisi in hoc uno loco usus sum. Parce, illustris censor: neque enim ausim, sacro ordine inverso, legere *Υἱοῦ τε καὶ Πατρός*.

24. Non amplius opus est praefari *τοῦ τε λειτουργοῦ καὶ τοῦ λαοῦ* partes: sed vide *ἐφάπαξ* notulam 20.

25. *Μακάριος Θεός*. Paul. 1 Tim. i. 11; vi. 15. Et sub titulo '*Μάκαρ*' Christus invocatur apud Synesium, caeterosque Graecos Christianos poetas *passim*.

26. Eadem repetit in mente *ὁ λαός*. Nec tamen necessario vox '*τοιάδε*' ad sequentia spectat. Vid. e.g. Iph. Taur. 326, 328.

27. *καὶ ἀφιλανθρώπου τρόπου*. Illustris censor apte confert Aesch. Prom. 11, 28: quae exempla *τοῦ φιλανθρώπου τρόπου* in mente, non ante oculos, habui.

28. Hunc versum scripseram, λοιμοῦ τε καὶ λιμοῦ, μαχῶν τε καὶ φόνων. In quem invehitur censor illustris. 'Nullam habet caesuram: approbare non possum.' Consulenti mihi (ah, quot post annos!) Porsonum (vide Suppl. ad Praef. Hec. p. 22) videtur hoc meum, quoad rythmum, quoad formam, non tam multum a τοῦ Νομοθέτου caesurae (Bg.) exemplo differre.—Quod si nullam omnino habeat caesuram, citare potuissem non modo Aeschylum, tutissimum in hac re peccantibus refugium; sed et Sophoclem, e.g. E. 323, κοὐδ' ἐν χρόνῳ μακρῷ διδαχθῆναι θέλεις, et Euripidem in versu mox citando (vid. not. 31 infra). Sed ne unum quidem versum vellem habere, quem caesurae causa respuerent critici. Mutanti igitur mihi in mentem veniunt ἐν πόλει, et ὀλεθρίου, et αἴθοπος. Eligas, benevole lector. Αἴθοψ, apud Hesiodum famis ἐπίθετον, denotat, mea quidem sententia, nitorem tum rutilum, tum nigrum, tanquam ex igni et fumo permistum. Ingravescente fame, fiunt omnia et rutila et nigra: caelum, Dei rubente dextera, vel densis circumfusis tenebris: terra, exustis herbis et segetibus, vel submersis; atque etiam ora hominum: 'They were ruddy: their visages are blacker than coals,' Jer. Lam. iv. 7, 8: ubi vide interpretes; et de eadem re Josephum: qui de miserrimo rege Zedekia agunt, Hierosolymorumque civibus fame et caede pereuntibus. In textum revocari vult, me non nolente, vir doctissimus λοιμοῦ τε καὶ λιμοῦ μαχῶν τε καὶ φόνων.

29. Aliter brevius et ad exemplum propius, sed quoad metrum durius,

> *Καὶ πρός Σ' ἀγωνίας, ἱδρῶτος αἵματος,*
> *σταυροῦ πάθους τ' ἐς θάνατον ἔντιμον, ταφῆς,*
> *ἀναστάσεως δ' ἔτ' ἀναβάσεως δ' ἐς οὐρανόν,*
> *καὶ δὴ πρὸς Ἁγίου Πνεύματος παρουσίας, κ.τ.λ.*

Proposuit vir doctissimus amicissimusque,

> *Ἀγωνίαν Σ' ἱδρῶτά θ' αἱματόρρυτον*
> *σταυρόν τε τλάντα, κἄσχάτας λυπάς, ταφήν,*

optime, nisi deberet *mors ipsa* speciatim exprimi.

30. Cf. Soph. E. 135, 6,

> *Ἀλλ' οὔτοι τόν γ' ἐξ Ἀΐδα*
> *παγκοίνου λίμνας πατέρ' ἀνστάσεις . . .*

31. *σκοπεῖν.* Vid. Eur. Supp. 299–301: locum, quoad pietatem, pulcherrimum. Totos tres versus transcribo,

> *Ἔγωγέ σ', ὦ παῖ, πρῶτα μὲν τὰ τῶν θεῶν*
> *σκοπεῖν κελεύω, μὴ σφαλῇς ἀτιμάσας·*
> *σφαλλεῖ γὰρ ἐν τούτῳ μόνῳ, τἄλλ' εὖ φρονῶν.*

De omissa caesura in ultimo versu vid. notulam 28 supra.

32. Vel

> *Τοὺς Σοὺς δὲ φώτιζ', εὐχόμεσθ', ἐπισκόπους,*
> *πάντας δὲ λειτουργούς τε καὶ διακόνους, κ.τ.λ.*

Vel et proximum versum ita legas,

> *Λαλεῖν δὲ καὶ δρᾷν γνοῖεν ἀψευδῆ λόγον.*

33. Vel *λαχεῖν.*

34. Vel *ἐκχέαις.*

35. Vel *γῆς καὶ θαλάσσης ἁλμυρᾶς* . . . Legere volueram, *καὶ τῆς θαλάσσης τῆς τε γῆς ὁδοιπόρους.* Sed et Anglicus Textus refragatur, et quantum scio, usus omnis antiquior. Dicebant Graeci, *γῇ καὶ θαλάσσῃ*, Latina, terra marique. Verbis transpositis, *βάθος γελοῖον* efficeretur. Periculosius enim iter maritimum quam terrestre veteres, et jure quidem, existimarunt. Apud nostrates mutantur omnia: et dicimus, 'By sea and land.' Citat, contra, vir doctissimus Ag. 559; et legi jubet, ut supra, *καὶ τῆς θαλάσσης τῆς τε γῆς ὁδοιπόρους.*

36. *Ἔλεος, τό,* apud LXX., et in N. T.; sed semper *ὁ* apud Atticos.

37. Vel *τὴν καρδίαν δὲ πρός Σ' ἐπίστρεψον πάλιν.*

38. Vel *νεῦσον* pro *μετάδος*, et *μέρος* pro *μέτρον.*

39. In ultima hac serie, eadem fere *τῷ λειτουργῷ* atque *τῷ λαῷ* datur oratio. Si ab exemplo paululum aberraverim, vim tamen spiritumque, quantum in me fuit, conservavi. Verbis paucis, toto animo, certatur: venit tanquam in morte Victoria. (Aliter aliis videtur. Ego in mente habui Gen. xxxii. 26: Ex. xxxii. 31, 32: et similia; et summum Exemplum, Luc. xxii. 44: Ipsiusque verba, cap. xviii. 1, etc., cf. Heb. v. 7.)

40. Soph. E. 411,

Ὦ θεοὶ πατρῷοι, συγγένεσθέ γ' ἀλλὰ νῦν.

41. Ego quidem haec omnia de Christo accipio: ita tamen reddere volui, ut satis iis faciam, qui aliter sentiant. Id tantum admoneo, Christum nobis patrem etiam esse, et ita saepe invocari. [Sc. legebam . . *ὦ Πάτερ.*]

42. Vel *μηδ' ἀνταμείψῃ τῶν κακῶν ἴσον μέτρον.* Vel iterum (nam varie hunc versum tentavi),

Μηδ' ἐξ ἴσων ἴσ' ἀντισηκώσῃς κακά.

Tertium proferre tentamen me paene pudet, et te certe, benevole lector, taedebit: sed ecce,

Μηδ' ἐκ Σέθεν πάθωμεν ἀντ' ἴσων ἴσα.

43. Sive *βαρυνθέντες*, seu *πιεσθέντες.*

44. *ὁρατὰ κἀόρατ'.* Equidem inter haec et *ὕπαιθρα καὶ σκοτεινά* dubitavi.

45. Vel *ἐχθροῖσι δ' ἔμπαλιν μέθες* (vid. Soph. E. 634).

46. Vel *ὀνόματός γ' ἕκατι Σοῦ*—ubi *γε* non, mea quidem sententia, torpet.

47. *νέον.* Attic. et poet., pro *νεωστί.*

48. Vel, numerosius, *Τῷ Πατρὶ δ', Υἱῷ, δόξ' ἴση, καὶ Πνεύματι.* Legebam, *Τῷ Πατρί, Παιδί, δοξ' ἴσῃ.* Quam lectio-

nem, normae theologicae minus visam congruere, mutavi, ut supra.

Vox 'παῖς' in quinque N. T. locis de Divino Filio usurpatur; Luc. ii. 43, in pueritia; Act. iii. 13, 26; iv. 27, 30, primis post Pentecosten diebus, cum Ecclesiae quasi renatus sit, Princeps vitae declaratus atque hominum Salvator. In his omnibus locis antiquam lectionem 'child' mutaverunt recentissimi N. T. editores; primo in loco, non nisi, ut videtur, mutandi cupidine capti; in reliquis, gravi, ut puto, errore involuti. In Dei nomine, antiqui Prophetae, (e. g. Is. xlii. 1), de Messia, servo facto, ut divina exequeretur consilia, loqui potuerunt. Non item Apostoli. Christus divina ea consilia ad finem perduxerat. De morte Victor in caelum ascenderat, et jam spiritum promissum dederat. Domini sui majestate Apostoli impleti sunt. In precibus suis, non per Dei servum, sed per Dei Filium, Deum Patrem obsecrarunt; neque iterum pro servi sed Filii regno in universum augendo vota fecerunt. Non flocci, contra, aestimandum est, quod vox eadem 'παῖς' uno sensu, ver. 25; altero, ver. 27, usurpatur; *Δαβὶδ τοῦ παιδός σου*, servi tui; *τὸν ἅγιον παῖδά σου Ἰησοῦν*, sanctum tuum Filium.

Similia abundant exempla. *Διαθήκη* (e. g.) nunc 'covenant,' nunc 'testament,' atque eadem ferme periodo, significat. Heb. ix. 15, 16, etc.

Plura disserendi de nova N. T. editione hic non est locus. Videsis, benevole lector, litteras a me scriptas ad 'Public Opinion,' July 9, Aug. 13, 1881; et 'Guardian,' Nov. 30, Dec. 14, et Jan. 4, 11, 1882.

49. Vel, *Σύγγνωθι τοῖς Σοῖς, ἵλεως δ' ἄφες πλάνας.*

50. Haec verba oportet pleno omnium choro effundi.

51. Vid. Soph. E. 636.

52. Vid. Bacc. 720, *χάριν ἄνακτι θήσεις.*

53. Nolens, quae adhibui in fine Apostolorum Symbolo, eadem huc ipsissima verba transferre, *σὺν Σοί* interpolavi certe, sed specie, potius quam re. Res ipsa in ea quam Deum oramus vita sempiterna comprehenditur. In mentem mihi veniunt pulcherrima loca e.g. Joh. xiv. 3; 1 Thess. iv. 17; Rev. vii. 17; xxi. 3. Sit tibi, benevole lector, sit mihi, sit nobis omnibus ea summa felicitas!

HYMNI

TERTIAE HUJUS OPUSCULI EDITIONI ANNEXI.

Rev. A. M. Toplady.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—No. 184.

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the Water and the Blood,
From Thy riven Side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

Σχισθεῖσ᾽ ὑπέρ μου δή ποτ᾽, Αἰώνων Πέτρα,
εἴθ᾽, εἴθ᾽ ἐμαυτὸν ἔν γε Σοὶ κρύψαιμ᾽ ἐγώ·
εἴθ᾽ αὖ τὸ θεῖον νᾶμ᾽, ὕδωρ τε χαἷμ᾽, ὃ Σῆς
ἐῤῥωγε πλεύρας τραυματισθείσης ἄπο,
διπλοῦν ἄκεσμά μοι γένοιθ᾽ ἁμαρτίας·
μύσος καθαίροι, κἀξέλοι τυραννίδα.

πόνοις χερῶν ὅσοις περ ἐζύγην, τὰ Σῷ
οὐκ ἂν σθένοιμι δρᾶν νόμῳ δεδογμένα·
εἰ δ᾽ εἰσαεί μου δακρύων πηγὴ ῥέοι,
μηδ᾽ οὑμὸς εἰς Σὲ ζῆλος ἐλλίποι ποτέ,
λῦσαι δύναιτ᾽ ἂν οὐ τὰ πάνθ᾽ ἁμαρτίαν·
σώζειν Σὸν ἔργον ἐστίν, οὐδ᾽ ἄλλου τινός.

λυτήριον μὲν οὐδὲν ἐν χεροῖν φέρω·
σταυρὸν δὲ τὸν Σὸν ὧδ᾽ ἁπλῶς προσπτύσσομαι·
Σὲ γυμνὸς ὢν πρόσειμ᾽, ἵν᾽ ἐσθῆτος τύχω·
Σὲ δ᾽, οὔ τιν᾽ ἄλλον, ἀσθενὴς αἰτῶ χάριν·
κρήνην μιανθεὶς προστρέπω καθάρσιον·
λοῦσόν με, Σῶτερ· εἰ δὲ μή, διόλλυμαι.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See Thee on Thy Judgment Throne;
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

ἕως τόδ' ἕλκω πνεῦμα ταχύμορον βίου,
ὅταν δὲ θάνατος ὀμμάτων αὐγὰς σβέσῃ,
ἐγὼ δ' ὁδοὺς ἀν' αἰθέρ' ἀγνώστους περῶ,
Σὲ δ' ἐν θρόνῳ τὸν Ὕπατον εἰσορῶ Κριτήν·
σχισθεῖσ' ὑπέρ μου δή ποτ', Αἰώνων Πέτρα,
εἴθ', εἴθ' ἐμαυτὸν ἔν γε Σοὶ κρύψαιμ' ἐγώ.

Rev. Isaac Williams.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—No. 94.

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

LORD, on us Thy SPIRIT pour
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die;

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

(SAPPHIC.)

Κύρι', ἐν τῷ νῦν ἐλέους φανέντος,
πρὰν ἐς αἰῶνας καταδῦναι ἆμαρ,
γοῦνα κάμψαντες ποτὶ γαῖαν, εὐχὰς
αἴρομεν αὐδάν.

Ἁγν' Ἰησοῦ, δάκρυα δὸς σταλάσσειν,
καὶ φόβων πλῆσον κέαρ ὥστ' ἐρευνᾶν,
ἁμέραν πρὰν Σᾶς ἀνόμοισιν ὀργᾶς
πᾶσι φανῆναι.

Κύρι', ἔκχευον τὸ Σὸν ἄμμι Πνεῦμα,
οἳ πάρεσμεν δεῦρ' ἱκέται, πεσόντες
πρηνέες θυρῶν προπάροιθε, πρὰν κλεισ-
θῆναι ἐσαιέν.

πρός Σ' ἀγωνίας παθέων τε τῶν Σῶν,
πρός Σε τῶν ἐκ Σᾶς κραδίας ὀδυρμῶν,
πρός Σε τοῦ τλᾶναι τὸ θανεῖν ἑκόντα
Σῶν ὑπὲρ ἐχθρῶν,

δακρύων πρὸς Σῶν ὀδύνας τε πικρᾶς
Ἱερουσάλημ περὶ τῆς ἔνερθε,
τὴν Σέθεν θείαν ἀγάπαν προέσθαι
μή ποτ' ἐάσῃς.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy Face.

Σῶν ὑπὸ σκιᾶς πτερύγων μένωμεν,
ἁμέρα μὴ Σᾶς χάριτος παρέλθῃ,
φθῇ δὲ νὺξ ἡμᾶς δνοφερά, πρόσωπον
πρὰν Σὸν ἴδωμεν.

Amicus criticus, St. I. v. 2, pro ἐς αἰῶνας vult legi ἀνέλπιστον; et, St. II. v. 2, proponit δειμάτων πλῆσον φρένα δηξιθύμων. *Id* parum, ut mihi videtur, ex necessitate, cum in Sacris Libris ἐς (εἰς) αἰῶνας usurpatur. *Hoc* suavius profecto et ad Atticam dictionem aptius; an vero Christianae supplicationi aeque consentanea, dubito.

Rev. John Keble.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—No. 24.

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice Divine,
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

(Dactyl. Hexam.)

Ἥλιε μοι ψυχῆς, ἀνθρώπων φίλτατε Σῶτερ,
οὔ μέ ποτ' ἀμπίσχει σκοτίη νύξ, Σεῦ γε παρόντος·
μή τι γένοιτο κάτωθε νέφος, γῆς μή τις ὁμίχλη,
ὥστε Σὲ τοῦ δούλου Σέθεν ὀφθάλμων ἀφανίζειν.

εὖτε δρόσος μαλακὴ σαίνει φρένας ἀμφιχυθεῖσα,
καὶ βαρέσι βλεφάροις πολυήρατος ὕπνος ἐφίζει,
εἴθε παρασταίη πύματον τόδ' ἔμοιγε νόημα,
ὡς γλυκὺ κεῖσθαι ἐπὶ στήθει Σωτῆρος ἐσαιέν.

ἠῶ μοι παράμιμνε, καὶ ἐς δύσιν ἠελίοιο,
οὐ γὰρ νόσφι Σέθεν ζῆν ἄν ποτ ἔγωγε δυναίμην·
νὺξ δ' ὅταν ἐγγὺς ἔῃ, παραμίμνειν λίσσομαι αὖθις,
νόσφι Σέθεν γὰρ ἀποθνήσκειν οὐκ ἄν ποτε τλαίην.

εἰ δὲ τάλας τις Σῶν τέκνων, ἀπάνευθε πλανηθείς,
σήμερον οὐρανίου κήρυκος ἀπέπτυσε φωνήν,
Κύριε, νῦν ἔργου τοῦ Σοῦ χαρίεντος ἐπάρχου·
μή νιν ἔτ' ἀμπλακίης ἔνοχον κατακεῖσθαι ἐφείης.

ἀσθενέσιν δὲ τροφεὺς εἴης· πτωχοῖσι δὲ πλοῦτον
ἐξ ἀναριθμήτων κτεάνων Σέο πᾶσι διδοίης·
νυκτὶ δ' τῇδ' ὁπόσοι πενθοῦσιν, τοῖσι δ' ὄπασσον
ὡς βρεφέων ὕπνον καθαρόν τ' ἐλαφρόν τε γενέσθαι.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

πρωῒ δ' ἐγερθεῖσιν πέλας ἴσθι καὶ ἵλαος ἡμῖν,
τάξιν ἐφημερίην πρὶν ἐν ἀνθρώποισιν ἐπελθεῖν,
ἔς τ' ἐνὶ Σῆς ἀγάπης ὡς ὠκεανοῖο ῥεέθροις
θεῖον ἐσέλθωμεν μακάρων λιμέν' οὐρανὸν εἴσω.

Postremum versum varie tractavi; e.g.

ὕψι τελεσθῶμεν } *κέλσαντες ἐς οὐρανὸν αἰπύν*,
vel *παυσώμεσθα πόνων* }

vel *οὐρανὸν ἐσδύντες καμάτων τέλος ὕψι κίχωμεν.*

Proponit amicus criticus,

οὐρανὸν ἐσδύντες τὸν ὑπερτέλλοντα λάθωμεν.

REV. S. J. STONE.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—No. 215.

THE Church's one foundation
Is Jesus Christ her LORD;
She is His new creation
By water and the Word:
From heaven He came and sought her
To be His holy Bride;
With His own Blood He bought her,
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,
Yet one o'er all the earth,
Her charter of salvation
One LORD, one Faith, one Birth,
One Holy Name she blesses,
Partakes one Holy Food,
And to one hope she presses
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore opprest,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distrest,

(Anacreont.)

Ἐκκλησίας Ἰησοῦς
Χριστὸς θέμεθλα μοῦνα·
νέαν νιν ἔκτισ᾽ αὐτός,
ὕδωρ λόγον τ᾽ ἐνεγκών·
νύμφην γὰρ ἦλθ᾽ ἄνωθεν
ἁγνὴν πλάσων ἑαυτῷ·
τὸ δ᾽ αἷμ᾽ ἔδωκε λύτρον,
αὐτῆς δ᾽ ἕκατι θνήσκει.

ἐθνῶν μὲν ἐξ ἁπάντων,
ἐν γῇ δ᾽ ὅλῃ μί᾽ οὖσα·
σωτηρίας δὲ τέκμαρ,
πίστις μί᾽, εἷς ὁ φύσας,
ἓν κὤνομ᾽ εὐλογητόν·
ἓν βρῶμα πᾶσιν ἁγνόν·
μί᾽ ἐλπίς, ἣν διώκει
πᾶσαν χάριν δυθεῖσα.

εἰ δ᾽ ὄμμ᾽ ὕπερφρον ἀνδρῶν
πατουμένην σκοπεῖ νιν,
καὶ σχίσμασιν ῥαγεῖσαν,
δι᾽ αἱρέσεις τ᾽ ἄθυμον·

Yet Saints their watch are keeping,
Their cry goes up, 'How long?'
And soon the night of weeping
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil, and tribulation,
And tumult of her war,
She waits the consummation
Of peace for evermore;
Till with the vision glorious
Her longing eyes are blest,
And the great Church victorious
Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union
With GOD the THREE in ONE,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won:
O happy ones and holy!
LORD, give us grace that we,
Like them the meek and lowly,
On high may dwell with Thee.

ὅμως ἀεὶ φυλάσσει,
βοᾷ δ' "Ἕως ποθ' ὕψι·
ἁγνοῖς δὲ νὺξ ὀδυρμῶν
ἦμαρ χαρᾶς τάχ' ἔσται.

ἀλλ' ἐν μέσῳ κλυδῶνι
πόνων πικρᾶς τε λύπης,
χάριν καραδοκοῦσα
τελεσφόρον προκόπτει·
ἕως ἄνωθεν ὄλβου
βάρος περισσὸν ὀφθῇ·
νίκην τε κἀνάπαυλαν
Ἐκκλησία φέρηται.

πλὴν κἀπὶ γῆς ξύνεστι,
Τριὰς μέν, Εἷς Θεὸς δέ,
καὶ τῶν πόνου λυθέντων
κοινωνία γλυκεῖα.
Τρὶς ὄλβιοί τε χἀγνοί!
δὸς ταὐτά, Κύρι', ἡμῖν!
πραεῖς τε καὶ ταπεινοί,
Σοὶ ξυμβιῶμεν ὕψι!

Quoad metrum hocce Anacreonticum, videas Gregorii Nazianzeni suavissimum carmen *Εἰς τὴν ἑαυτοῦ ψυχήν*. (Anthologia Graeca Carminum Christianorum, Lipsiae, MDCCCLXXI; cujus libri Partem Priorem, carminum pulchritudine captus, in Anglicam linguam, et Anglicum, quantum potui, metrum transtuli.)

Dr. Horatius Bonar.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—**No. 288.**

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:

(ANAPAESTIC. DIM.)

Οὐ μακρὸς ἐτῶν εἱλισσομένων
    δρόμος, οὐ κύκλοι πολλοὶ ἔθ' ὡρῶν,
πρὶν καὶ μετὰ τῶν ἀναπαυομένων
ἐν τάφῳ ἡμεῖς κοιμηθῶμεν·
Κύριε, τοιγὰρ προετοίμαζε
ψυχήν μου τόδε σεμνὸν ἐς ἦμαρ·
λοῦέ μ' ἐν αἵματι Σῷ πολυτίμῳ,
    καὶ θἀμαρτήματ' ἀφαιροῦ.

πολλάκις ἥλιος οὐ καταδύσει
τάσδ' ἀμφὶ χρόνου δνοφερὰς κορυφάς,
πρίν γ' ὦμεν ὅπου φαίνει ἀμείνων
αἰθήρ, οὐδ' ἔσθ' ἡλίου ἀκτίς·
Κύριε, τοιγὰρ προετοίμαζε
ψυχήν μου τόδε λαμπρὸν ἐς ἦμαρ·
λοῦέ μ' ἐν αἵματι Σῷ πολυτίμῳ,
    καὶ θἀμαρτήματ' ἀφαιροῦ.

ταισίδ' ἐπ' ἀκταῖς οὐκέτ' ἄελλαι
πολλαὶ ῥήξουσ' ὀκριοέσσαις,
πρὶν ἱκώμεσθ', ἔνθ' οὔποτε λαῖλαψ,
οὐ κορυφοῦται κῦμ' ὑψίλοφον·

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
O wash me in thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, Who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

Κύριε, τοιγὰρ προετοίμαζε
ψυχήν μου τόδ' ἐς εὔδιον ἦμαρ·
λοῦέ μ' ἐν αἵματι Σῷ πολυτίμῳ,
καὶ θἀμαρτήματ' ἀφαιροῦ.

οὐδὲ παλαίσματα πολλὰ πρόκειται,
πικραί τε φίλων ἀποχωρήσεις,
οὐ πόλλ' ἄχθη δακρύων τε χύσεις,
δάκρυ' εἰσαιεὶ πρὶν καταπαυσθῇ·
Κύριε, τοιγὰρ προετοίμαζε
ψυχήν μου τόδ' ἐς ὄλβιον ἦμαρ·
λοῦέ μ' ἐν αἵματι Σῷ πολυτίμῳ,
καὶ θἀμαρτήματ' ἀφαιροῦ.

ἴδε νῦν ἐγγὺς καιρὸς χαρίεις,
εὖτε παρέσται δεύτερον, ὅσπερ
χάριν ἡμετέρας ζωῆς ἔθανε,
ζῇ δ' ἵν' ἑαυτῷ σύνθρονοι ὦμεν·
Κύριε, τοιγὰρ προετοίμαζε
ψυχήν μου τόδ' ἐς αἴσιον ἦμαρ·
λοῦέ μ' ἐν αἵματι Σῷ πολυτίμῳ,
καὶ θἀμαρτήματ' ἀφαιροῦ.

Amicus criticus versum paroemiacum, qui octavum quemque in hoc hymno locum obtinet, proponit, *τὰς δ' ἀμπλακίας ἀφάνιζε.*

Sir Henry W. Baker.

(With kind permission of the Editor.)

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—No. 230.

THERE is a Blessèd home
  Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
  Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
  And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
  Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
  Good Angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
  Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious Throne
  Ten thousand Saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
  And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
  To see the Lamb Who died,
And count each sacred Wound
  In Hands, and Feet, and Side;

(Iambic. Dim.)

Οἶκός τις ἐστὶν ὄλβιος
πέραν χθονὸς τῆσδ' ἀθλίας,
ἵν' οὐ στόνος ποτ' ἔρχεται,
ῥεῖ δ' οὔποτ' οἰκτρὰ δάκρυα·
πίστις γὰρ εἰς ὄψιν τελεῖ,
ἐλπὶς δὲ τλᾶσ' αἱρεῖ στέφος·
φῶς δ' ἀμβρότοισι νάμασιν
ἵησιν εὐκλεὲς σέλας.

γῆ δ' ἐστὶν εἰρήνης· καλοὶ
ἴσασιν εὖ νιν ἄγγελοι·
ἀεὶ δὲ τῆσδ' ἔσω πυλῶν
εὔδοξος ὕμνος αἴρεται,
θρόνου δὲ τοῦ θείου κύκλῳ
ἁγνοὶ σέβουσι μυρίοι
σὺν Πατρὶ σύν τε Πνεύματι
ἓν ὄντα Χριστὸν εἰσαεί.

ὦ χάρμα χαρμάτων πέρα
τὸν ἄρνα τὸν θανόντ' ἰδεῖν,
καθ' ἓν δ' ἀριθμεῖν τραύματα
τἂν χερσί, πλευρᾷ, καὶ ποσίν·

To give to Him the praise
  Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
  The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
  Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
  Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
  In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
  Shall welcome you above.

αὐτῷ δὲ δοῦναι πᾶν κλέος
νίκης ἑκάστης ἐν μάχαις,
ᾄδειν τε πάσας ἡμέρας
ὁποῖ᾽ ἔδειξε θαύματα.

θαρσεῖτέ γ᾽ οὖν, ἁγνοὶ θεοῦ,
μὴ τὴν κάτω φοβεῖσθ᾽ ὁδόν,
ἣν πρόσθε Σωτὴρ ἤλυθε,
πόνου κατ᾽ ἦμαρ κὠδύνης·
μικρὸν δὲ καρτερεῖτ᾽ ἔτι,
φίλῃ τε τλῆτε καρδίᾳ·
ὑμᾶς δὲ μειδῶν ἡδέως
ἄνω παρ᾽ αὑτὸν δέξεται.

Dr. Horatius Bonar.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—No. 257.

I HEARD the voice of JESUS say,
'Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My Breast;'
I came to JESUS as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of JESUS say,
'Behold, I freely give
The living water, thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live:'
I came to JESUS, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

(ELEGIAC.)

Τοιάδ' Ἰησοῦ μοι φωνὴν ἤκουσα λέγοντος,
 ‘Ἐλθέ μοι, ἐλθὲ τάλας, σοὶ δὲ λάβ' ἡσυχίην·
τειρόμενος κατάθου, κατάθου μόχθοισι δαμασθεὶς
 ἐνθάδ' ἁπλῶς ἐπ' ἐμῷ στήθεϊ σὴν κεφαλήν.’
οἷος ἔην, τοιόσδε καὶ ἤϊα πρὸς τὸν Ἰησοῦν,
 σχέτλιος, ἄψυχος, τρυχόμενός τε φρένας·
ἡδεῖαν δὲ τάχ' εὗρον ἔμοιγ' ἀνάπαυλαν ἐν αὐτῷ,
 καί ῥα χαρᾶς αὐτὸς τοὐμὸν ἔπλησε κέαρ.

Τοιάδ' Ἰησοῦ μοι φωνὴν ἤκουσα λέγοντος,
 ‘Ἠνίδ', ἔχω διδόναι σοί γε θέλοντι θέλων
ζῶον ὕδωρ, καὶ νῦν τόδε σοὶ διψῶντι πάρεστι·
 πῖνε κάτω κύψας, ζῇ δὲ πιὼν ἐσαεί.’
ὀλλύμενος δίψῃ δὲ τότ' ἤϊα πρὸς τὸν Ἰησοῦν,
 καὶ τοῦ ζωοφόρου νάματος ἐξέπιον·
εὐθὺ δὲ δίψ' ἔσβη, ψυχὴ δέ μοι αὖθις ἔθαλλεν,
 ἐν δ' αὐτῷ ζῶ νῦν κἀπὶ τὸ μέλλον ἐγώ.

I heard the voice of JESUS say,
'I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright:'
I looked to JESUS, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that Light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

Τοιάδ' Ἰησοῦ μοι φωνὴν ἤκουσα λέγοντος,
  'Κόσμου ἐγὼ μέλανος τοῦδε πάρειμι φάος·
εἰς ἐμ' ἐπίβλεψον· σοὶ δ' ἠὼς ὧδ' ἀνατέλλει,
  σοί γε φέρουσ' αἴγλην, φῶς τε πανημέριον·'
εἰς τὸν Ἰησοῦν εἶτ' ἔβλεψα, καὶ εὗρον ἐν αὐτῷ
  ἀστέρα μοι λαμπρόν, καὶ γλυκὺν ἠέλιον·
ἐν δὲ φάει ζωῆς ἐλπίζω τῷδε πατήσειν,
  μέχρις ὅτου τελέσω πᾶσαν ὁδοιπορίην.

Rev. John Henry Newman.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—**No. 266.**

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

(Anapaestic. Dim.)

Ἡγοῦ μοι φῶς, ἡγοῦ φίλιον·
δεινή με πέριξ ἀχλὺς κέχυται,
νὺξ δ' ἕκας οἴκου μ' ἔφθη σκοτόεσσ'·
ἀλλὰ προηγοῦ.
τὴν βάσιν ὄρθου· τὰ πρόσω προϊδεῖν
οὐκ αἰτοῦμαι· τὸ γὰρ ἐγγὺς ἅλις.

τοιόσδ' οὐκ ἦν συνεχῶς, οὐδ' αὖ
Σοῦ γ' ἐδεήθην ἡγεμονεύειν·
οἶμον ἑλέσθαι καὶ ἰδεῖν ἐφίλουν·
νῦν δὲ προηγοῦ.
φρέν' ἔτερψαν ἐμὴν ἤματος αὐγαί·
χὔβρις ἐδέσποσεν ὀκνοῦντά μ' ὅμως·
μέμνησο δ' ἐτῶν μηκέτι τῶν πρίν.

πολὺν ὧδε χρόνον χρηστά με ῥέξας
οὐκ ἂν ἀπείποις μή μ' ἔθ' ὁδηγεῖν
δι' ἕλος, βῆσσαν διὰ χείμαῤῥον,
καὶ πρῶν' ἀν' ἄκρον, στυγερὰ νὺξ ἤδ'
ἔστ' ἂν ἀπέλθῃ,
λάμψῃ δ' ἠώς, ἡδὺ γελῶσας
φαίνουσ' ὄψεις πάλιν ἀγγελικάς,
ἃς πεφίληκα μὲν ἐκ τοῦ γε πάλαι,
φρούδας δὲ τὸ νῦν πεπόθηκα.

FROM FOUNDLING HOSPITAL COLLECTION.
A. D. 1774.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—**No. 155.**

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be GOD'S surpassing glory sung;
Let all the listening earth be taught
The acts our great Redeemer wrought.

Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy Holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove,
SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love.

(DACTYL. HEXAM.)

ʼΕΝ Τῌ ΠΕΝΤΗΚΟΣΤῌ.

Πνεῦμ' ἀγάπης, ἐλέου, κἀληθείας ἀπέραντον,
οὐρανόθεν χάριτος Σῆς νάματα χεῦον ἐφ' ἡμᾶς·
ἐξ αἰῶνος δ' εἰς αἰῶνα Σὺ νῦν ἔτι δεῖξον,
ἤματι τῷδ' ἁγίῳ 'κ Σέθεν οἷά γε θαύματ' ἐτύχθη.

γῆς δὲ κύκλᾳ, πᾶσιν καὶ χείλεσιν εὐκελάδοισι,
δόξα μὲν ᾀδέσθω Θεοῦ ἡ πάντων ἐπέκεινα·
γῆ δὲ διδαχθήτω συνετῶς σύμπασα κλύουσα,
οἷα Λυτὴρ ὁ μέγας χάριν ἡμῶν εἰργάσατ' ἔργα.

ἀψευδὴς Παράκλησις, ὁδίταις οὐράνιον Φῶς,
Σῶν ἔτ' ἄνασσ', ὁσίᾳ τ' Ἐκκλησίᾳ ἴσθ' ἔθ' ὁδηγός·
πᾶν βρότεόν τε γένος Σέθεν ὄλβια δῶρα δεχέσθω,
Πνεῦμ' ἀγάπης, ἐλέου, κἀληθείας ἀπέραντον.

REGINALD HEBER.

Roundell Palmer's Book of Praise.

No. CCCV. page 321.

THOU art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb:
The Saviour hath passed through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide through the gloom!

Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the sinless has died!

Thou art gone to the grave: and, its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking;
And the sound which thou heard'st was the Seraphim's song!

(TROCHAIC. TETRAM. CATALECTIC.)

Εἰς τάφον κατῆλθες· ἡμεῖς δ' οὔ σ' ἄγαν πενθήσομεν,
κεἴπερ ἀμφὶ τύμβον ἀλγεῖν καὶ στένειν νομίζεται·
πρόσθε γὰρ σέθεν διῆλθε τάσδε χὡ Σωτὴρ πύλας,
σοὶ δὲ φῶς δείξει φιλήσας τοῦ σκότου νικηφόρον.

εἰς τάφον κατῆλθες· ἡμεῖς σ' εἰσορῶμεν οὐκέτι,
οὐδ' ὁμοῦ σκληρὰν πατοῦμεν τῆσδε τῆς ζωῆς ὁδόν·
σὲ δ' Ἐλέου γ' εὑρεῖς δέχονται ταῖς πτυχαῖς βραχίονες,
καὶ βροτοὶ θανεῖν ἴσασι, κἄθανεν γὰρ ἄβροτος.

εἰς τάφον κατῆλθες· ἐν δὲ τῷ μεταλλάσσειν δόμον
ἀσθενὲς φόβῳ τάχ' ἂν σὸν πνεῦμ' ἐλινῦσαι θέλοι·
ἀλλ' ἐγερθεὶς θαύματ' εἶδες χἠδὺ Παραδείσου φάος,
καὶ βοὴ θεία σ' ἔτερψεν ὦτα, τὸ Σεραφὶμ μέλος.

Thou art gone to the grave: but we will not deplore thee
  Whose God was thy ransom, thy guardian, and guide!
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
  And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

εἰς τάφον κατῆλθες· ἡμεῖς δ' οὔ σ' ἄγαν πενθήσομεν,
ᾧπερ ἦν λύτρον, φύλαξ τε, χἠγεμών, αὐτὸς Θεός·
῞Οδε σ' ἔδωκε, κἄλαβέν σε, καί σ' ἀναστήσει πάλιν·
Θάνατος οὐδ' ἔχει τὸ κέντρον· εἷλε γὰρ Σωτὴρ θανών.

JAMES MONTGOMERY (*first half; second half, Editors of 'Hymns Ancient and Modern'*).

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—**No. 231.**

'FOR ever with the Lord!'
  Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
  'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
  Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
  A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
  Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
  Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
  To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of Saints,
  Jerusalem above.

'For ever with the Lord!'
  Father, if 'tis Thy Will,
The promise of that faithful word
  Even here to me fulfil.

(Iambic. Dim.)

'Ἀεὶ παρεῖναι Κυρίῳ!'
ἀμήν· γένοιτο τοῦτό μοι·
ζωὴ λόγῳ τῷδ' ἐκ νεκρῶν,
βίος δ' ἔνεστιν ἄφθιτος.
ἐνταῦθα κλεισθεὶς σώματι,
πόρρωθεν Αὐτοῦ πλάζομαι·
νύκτωρ δέ γ', ἡμέρας ὁδῷ,
σκηνὴν ἔπηξ' ἆσσον δόμου.

σὺ δ', οἶκος ὑψίστου Πατρός,
ψυχῆς δόμος μοι, πίστεως
ὡς ἐγγὺς ἔσθ' ὅτ' ὄμμασι
πύλας ἔδειξας χρυσέας·
τὸ πνεῦμα δ' ἱμέρῳ φθίνει,
γῆν ἐμβατεύειν ἣν φιλῶ,
κλῆρον μὲν ἁγνῶν ἀγλαόν,
Ἱερουσάλημ δὲ τὴν ἄνω.

'ἀεὶ παρεῖναι Κυρίῳ!'
Σοῦ μὲν θέλοντος, ὦ Πάτερ,
τοῦδ' ἐγγύην πιστοῦ λόγου
κἀνταῦθα πλήρωσον Σύ μοι.

Be Thou at my right hand,
  Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
  Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
  Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
  And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
  How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the Throne,
  'For ever with the LORD!'

πάρισθι τῇ 'μῇ δεξιᾷ·
ὧδ' οὐκ ἂν ἐλλείποιμ' ἐγώ·
στήριζέ μ', ὧδε στήσομαι·
μάχου Σύ, καὶ νίκη πάρα.

ὧδ', εὖτ' ἂν ἐσχάτη πνοὴ
σκήνωμα ῥήξῃ σάρκινον,
θανὼν ἀλύξω τοῦ θανεῖν,
ζωὴν δ' ἀθάνατον κερδανῶ.
γνούς, ὥσπερ ἔγνωσμαι, σαφῶς,
πῶς οὐ φιλήσω τὸν λόγον,
κοὐκ ἐξερῶ πρόσθεν θρόνων,
'ἀεὶ παρεῖναι Κυρίῳ;'

BISHOP KEN.

The Morning Hymn.

PART I.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent time that 's past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
Think how all-seeing GOD thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the Angels bear thy part,
Who all night long unwearied sing
Glory to the Eternal King.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

(Iambic. Trim.)

Ψυχὴ φίλη μου, σ' ἐξέγειρε, καὶ δρόμον
ἅμ' ἡλίῳ σὺ τὸν καθ' ἡμέραν τρέχε·
ὕπνον δ' ὀκνηρὸν σώματος ῥίψασ' ἄπο,
θυσίαν πρόθυμος θῦε τὴν ἑωθινήν.

σπουδῇ δ' ἀμελίαν λῦε τοῦ πάρος χρόνου[1],
καὶ ζῆ τόδ' ἦμαρ ὡσπερεὶ πανύστατον·
τάλανθ' ὅσ' ἔλαβες, χρῶ σοφῶς ὑπέγγυος·
τὸ δὲ μέγ' ἐς ἦμαρ εὖ σὲ νῦν ἑτοίμασον.

ἁπλοῦς σὸς ἔστω πᾶς τ' ἀκίβδηλος[2] λόγος·
καθαρὸς ὁ θυμός, ὡς μεσημβρινὸν σέλας·
νόμιζε δ' ὡς σοῦ πάντα τἀνθυμήματα
πάσας θ' ὁδοὺς ὁ Θεὸς ὁ παντόπτης ἀθρεῖ.

ἔγειρέ σ', ἡ 'μὴ καρδία, κἀνίστασο,
σὺν τοῖσι δ' ἀγγέλοισι σὸν μέρος λάβε,
οἵ γ' οὐ καμόντες παννύχοις κατ' οὐρανὸν[3]
αἰνοῦσιν ὕμνοις βασιλέα τὸν ζῶντ' ἀεί.

αἰνεῖτ', ἀφ' οὗ τὰ χρηστὰ πάντα ῥεῖ, Θεόν·
αἰνεῖτε, πάντες οἱ 'νθάδ' οἰκοῦντες κάτω·
αἰνεῖτ' ἄνω Νιν, οὐρανοῦ στρατεύματα·
αἰνεῖτε Πατέρ', Υἱόν τε, Πνεῦμά τ' εἰσαεί.

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[1] Vel *σπουδὴν ἄμειβε τοῦ πρὶν ἀμελίας χρόνου.*

[2] Vel *ἄτερ δόλου.*

[3] Vel *νυκτὸς ἡμέρας δ' ἴσως.*

BISHOP KEN.

The Morning Hymn.

PART II.

ALL praise to thee Who safe has kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept;
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

LORD, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise GOD from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Αἰνῶ Σέ, Θεός, ὃς ἦσθά μοι νυκτὸς φύλαξ,
ὕπνον δὲ χλωρὸν ἔχεας ὀφθαλμοῖς ἔπι·
εὖτ' ἂν δ' ἐγερθῶ νυκτὸς ἐκ μακρᾶς τάφου,
δός μοι μετασχεῖν φωτὸς ἀφθίτου Σέθεν.

εὐχὰς ἀνέσχον τάσδε, Κύρι', ἐκ νέου·
[1]ἀφάνιζε τἀμπλακήμαθ' ὡς πρῴαν δρόσον·
πηγὰς φύλασσε νοῦ τε καὶ φρονήματος,
πλῆσον δὲ τοῦ Σοῦ Πνεύματος καὶ πνεῦμ' ἐμόν.

εὔθυν', ἐπίσχες σήμερον, δεῖξόν τε Σὺ
ἃ 'ν ἐννοεῖν με δρᾶν τε καὶ λέγειν πρέπῃ·
ὡς δῆθ', ὅσ' ἐμπέφυκεν ηὔξηταί τέ μοι,
πάντ' ἐς μόνον Σέ, τήν τε Σὴν δόξαν ῥέπῃ.

αἰνεῖτ', ἀφ' οὗ τὰ χρηστὰ πάντα ῥεῖ, Θεόν·
αἰνεῖτε, πάντες οἱ 'νθάδ' οἰκοῦντες κάτω·
αἰνεῖτ' ἄνω Νιν, οὐρανοῦ στατεύματα·
αἰνεῖτε Πατέρ', Υἱόν τε, Πνεῦμά τ' εἰσαεί.

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[1] Vel ἁμαρτίας ἀφάνισον.

BISHOP KEN.

The Evening Hymn.

ALL praise to Thee, my GOD, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear SON,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close,
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my GOD when I awake.

Αἶνος, Θεός μου, Σοί γε πᾶς γένοιθ' ὅσων
χαρὰν βροτοῖς ἤνεγκεν ἡμέρας φάος·
νυκτὸς φύλασσε τῆσδ' ὑπὸ πτέρυξι Σαῖς,
ὦναξ ἀνάκτων παγκρατής, φύλασσ' ἐμέ.

Υἱοῦ δ' ἕκατι Σοῦ φίλου ξυγγνῶθί μοι
ὅσ' ἀμπλακήματ' ἤμπλακον τῇδ' ἡμέρᾳ·
ἵν' ἄν, πρὶν εὕδειν, πρὸς βροτῶν ἅπαν γένος,
καὶ δῆτ' ἐμαυτόν, καὶ Σέ γ', εἰρήνην ἄγω.

ζῆν, ὥστε τύμβον μὴ φοβηθῆναι πλέον,
ἢ καὶ τὸ λέκτρον τοὐτ' ἐμόν, δίδασκέ με·
θνήσκειν δίδασχ' ὡς ἡμέρᾳ μ' ἐν ἐσχάτῃ
μέλλοντ' ἐς ἁγνῶν ἐξαναστῆναι χορόν.

εἰ γὰρ κλιθείη Σοί γ' ἔφ' ἡ ψυχὴ φίλως,
ὕπνος δὲ τἀμὰ βλέφαρα συγκλείσαι γλυκύς,
ἐξ οὗ τ' ἐγερθεὶς πᾶσαν αὖθις ἡμέραν
ἀκμῇ νέᾳ σθένοιμι δουλεύειν Θεῷ.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

νυκτὸς δ' ὅθ' ὕπνον ὄμμασιν ζητῶ μάτην,
ψυχῇ φρονήματ' οὐράνια πόριζέ μοι·
μὴ κείμενόν μ' ὀνείρατ' ἐκπτήξῃ[1] κακά·
ἐχθροὶ σκοτεινοὶ μὴ ταράξωσιν φρένας.

αἰνεῖτ', ἀφ' οὗ τὰ χρηστὰ πάντα ῥεῖ, Θεόν·
αἰνεῖτε, πάντες οἱ 'νθάδ' οἰκοῦντες κάτω·
αἰνεῖτ' ἄνω Νιν, οὐρανοῦ στρατεύματα·
αἰνεῖτε Πατέρ', Υἱόν τε, Πνεῦμά τ' εἰσαεί.

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[1] Vel ἐπιπλήξῃ.

SIR HENRY W. BAKER.

(With kind permission.)

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—**No. 446.**

OH! what, if we are CHRIST'S,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred Saints, baptized in blood,
CHRIST'S sufferings shared below:

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

LORD, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here;

Εἰ Χριστὸς ἡμῶν ἐστίν, ὦ 'δελφοί, τί δὴ
βλάβην φοβούμεθ' ἐνθάδ' ἢ γέλωτ' ὀφλεῖν;
ἢ μᾶλλον ἡμῖν εὐκλεὲς λάμψει στέφος,
ἣν καρτερῶμεν σταυρὸν ἄραντες φέρειν.

δεινὴν μὲν ἁγνοὶ πεῖραν εἰσῆλθον τὸ πρίν,
χολῆς τ' ἔτλησαν μεστὸν ἐκπιεῖν δέπας,
ὅτ' ἐν σφαγαῖσι, χαἵματος βαπτίσμασι,
Χριστοῦ μετέσχον ἐν μέρει παθημάτων.

τὸ νῦν δ' ἐκείνους δόξα καὶ τιμὴ στέφει,
κἀν τοῖσιν ὑψηλοῖσιν ἄπλετος χαρά·
ὅπου πόνων λυθέντες ἐν κόλπῳ Θεοῦ
ἀγάπης δρέπουσιν πλῆρες ἄνθος ὄλβιοι.

ὦ Κύρι', ἡμῖν δὸς τοιάνδ' ἔχειν χάριν
πίστιν τε θείαν, ὡς ἂν ἐξ ἴσου παθεῖν
μάθωμεν ἄλγη, τλᾶν τε πᾶν κακῶν βάρος,
ὅσον δέδοκται Σὴν χάριν φέρειν κάτω.

Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where Saints and Angels live.

All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore.

ἀρκεῖ γὰρ ἡμῖν, ἐν τελευταίῳ δρόμῳ
ἢν ἵλεως Σὺ τοὺς δραμόντας εὐλογῇς,
καὶ Σῶν ποδῶν ὕπ' ἔσχατος δειχθῇ τόπος
ἵν' εἰσὶν ἁγνοί τ' ἄγγελοί τ' ᾠκισμένοι.

αἶνός Σ' ἵκοιτο, καὶ Σὲ δόξ', ὕψιστ' ἄναξ,
Ὃν πάντ' ἐν οὐρανῷ τε γῇ τε προσπίτνει,
Πατέρα μέν, Υἱόν, Πνεῦμα παντελὲς τρίτον,
Θεὸν δέ γ' εἰς αἰῶνας αἰώνων ἕνα.

Joseph Addison, 1728.

Roundell Palmer's Book of Praise.

No. CLXXIII. page 189.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart!
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy Providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

For a beautiful Latin translation, see Vincent Bourne's 'Poematia,' Hymn I.

Εὖτ' ἄν, Θεός μου, πάνθ' ὅσ' εἴργασαι σκοπῶ,
ἐλέου τε πλῆθος κἀγαθῶν ἀνήριθμον,
ὁ θυμὸς ἐξέστηκε, φερόμενος δ' ἄνω
ἀγάπης, ἐπαίνου θαύματός θ' ὁμῶς γέμει.

τίνες δέ μου δύναιντ' ἂν ἐξαυδᾶν λόγοι
ὅσον τ' ὀφείλω καὶ τίνειν θέλω χρέος ;
στήθους μὲν ἐντὸς πῦρ φλέγει κεκρυμμένον·
Σὺ δ' οἶσθα· καὶ γὰρ πάντα τἄνδον ἐννοεῖς.

ζωὴν δ' ἀπ' ἀρχῆς Σὴ πρόνοι' ἔθρεψ' ἐμήν,
τά μοι δέοντα πάντα παρατιθεῖσ' ἀεί,
ἕως μὲν ἦν ἐν κοιλίᾳ συνειργμένος,
ἕως δὲ μαστῶν μητρὸς ἐκρεμάσθην ἄπο.

νέος νέον τι πῆμ' ὅτ' ἐξῴμωξ' ἐγώ,
ἔφθης κλύων Σύ γ', ὡς φιλοικτίρμων πατήρ,
νοῦν ἀσθενῆ μου πρὶν διδαχθῆναι σαφῶς
πλάσσειν ἑαυτόν, καὶ ξυνηρμόσθαι λιταῖς.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
  Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
  From whence these comforts flowed.

When in the slippery paths of youth
  With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
  And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils and death,
  It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice
  More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness oft hast Thou
  With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
  Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
  Has made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
  Has doubled all my store.

βίου δ' ἔδωκε μυρίαν παραψυχὴν
ἡ Σὴ προμήθει', εὐφιλὴς παραστάτις,
ἕως ἔτ' ἠγνόησα νηπίαις φρεσὶν
ὅθενπερ ἔῤῥει ταῦτα πάντα τἀγαθά.

σφαλεροὺς δ' ὅθ' ἥβης εἰς πάτους ἀφικόμην,
τῶν πρόσθε τῶν τ' ὄπισθε φροντίδ' οὐκ ἔχων,
διαπαντὸς ἡ Σὴ βαστάσασά μ' ὠλένη
οὐκ εἰδότ' ἐξέσωσ' ἐς ἀνδρείαν ἀκμήν.

κρυφίων γὰρ ἐχθρῶν ἠδὲ κινδύνων τ' ἀεὶ
θανάτων τ' ἔμοιγε καταφυγὴν ἡτοίμασεν·
ὧν δ' αὖ φοβεῖσθαι δεῖ πλέον, χλιδὰς λέγω
ἥβης ὕβριν τε καὶ κακὰς ὁμιλίας.

νοσῶν δ' ὅτ' ἐστέναξα, πολλάκις Σύ μοι
ἤμειψας ὄμμα φαιδρὸν ὥστ' αὖθις γελᾶν·
ἁμαρτίαις δ' ὅτ' ὠλλύμην νικώμενος
ἀλγηδόσιν τε, Σή μ' ἀνέψυξεν χάρις.

ὄλβον δέ, χὤνπερ ἵμερος βροτοῖς, Σύ μοι
δέδωκας, ὥστε βίοτον εὐαίων' ἔχειν·
φίλων δὲ πιστῇ συμφρόνων κοινωνίᾳ
διπλῇ τέτυκται Σὴ χάρις, πλοῦτός τ' ἐμός.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
  My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
  That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
  Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
  The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails and day and night
  Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O LORD,
  Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
  A joyful song I'll raise,
But oh! eternity's too short
  To utter all Thy praise!

τρισμύρι', οὐκ ἔστ' ἐννέπειν Σὰ δῶρ' ὅσα
κάθ' ἡμέραν ἐς αἶνον ἐξαίρει φρένας·
καὶ δὴ τόδ' ἐν πρώτοισιν, αὔταρκες κέαρ,
ὃ τῶν δοθέντων γεύεται χαρᾶς μέτα.

ἐν αἰόλαις δὲ τοῦ βίου μεταλλαγαῖς
ὁποῖ' ἔρεξας χρηστά μ' οὐ λήξω λέγων·
ὅταν θάνω δ', ἐν ὀλβιωτέραις ἕδραις,
γῆς τῆσδ' ἄπωθεν, ἐκ νέου τάδ' ᾄσομαι.

αὐτὴ δ' ὁπηνίχ' ἡ φύσις γηράσεται,
κοὐ σημανοῦσ' ἔθ' ἡμέρα καὶ νὺξ χρόνον,
ἀπέραντον οὑμὸς εἴσεται θυμὸς χάριν,
ἀεὶ δὲ τὸν Σὸν ἔλεον ὑμνήσει σέβων.

παιᾶνα δ' εἰς αἰῶνας αἰώνων χαρᾷ
ἀρῶ ξύναυλον, καρδίας δ' εὖφρον μέλος·
ἀλλ' οὐκ ἂν οὐδ' αἰῶνες αἰώνων ἐμοὶ
πάντ' ἀρκέσειαν αἶνον ἐξειπεῖν Σέθεν.

William Cowper.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—**No. 260.**

HARK, my soul! it is the LORD;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear His Word;
JESUS speaks, and speaks to thee,
'Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?

'I delivered thee when bound,
And, when bleeding, healed thy wound;
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,
Turned thy darkness into light.

'Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

Ω θυμέ, σῖγα, σῖγ᾽· ὅδ᾽ ἔσθ᾽ ὁ Κύριος,
ὁ σὸς δὲ Σωτήρ· ἀλλ᾽ ἄκου᾽ αὐτοῦ λόγον·
λέγει δ᾽ Ἰησοῦς σοί γε, κοὐκ ἄλλῳ τάδε·
'τί φῂς; ἁμαρτὼν καὶ πεσών, φιλεῖς σύ με;

'σοῦ μὲν δεδεμένου σκληρὰ δέσμ᾽ ἔλυσ᾽ ἐγώ·
τετρωμένου δὲ τραύματ᾽ ὤμ᾽ ἰασάμην·
πλαγχθέντα σ᾽ ἐξήτησ᾽, ἔσωσα δ᾽ ἐς δόμον·
ἀντὶ σκότου δ᾽ ἤμειψα σοὶ λαμπρὸν φάος.

'ἆρ᾽ ἂν γυνὴ δύναιτο μὴ στέργειν ἔτι
τὸν παῖδα, μηδὲ συμπαθεῖν αὑτῆς τόκῳ;
φεῦ, φεῦ, λάθοιτ᾽ ἂν ἡ τεκοῦσα· σοῦ δ᾽ ἐγὼ
οὐ λήσομαί ποτ᾽, ἀλλ᾽ ἀεὶ μεμνήσομαι.

'μεταβάλλεται γὰρ οὐδαμῶς ἐμὴ 'γάπη·
αὕτη καθ᾽ ὕψος ὑπερέχει τὸν οὐρανόν,
κάτω δ᾽ ἐρευνᾷ δεινότατα τῆς γῆς βάθη·
πιστὴ δ᾽, ἄδεσμός τ᾽ ἔστ᾽· ἴσον δ᾽ Ἅδῃ σθένει.

'Thou shalt see My glory soon,
When the work of grace is done;
Partner of My Throne shalt be;
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?'

LORD, it is my chief complaint
That my love is weak and faint;
Yet I love Thee, and adore;
O for grace to love Thee more.

'ὄψει σύ μου τὴν δόξαν οὐ μακρῷ χρόνῳ,
εὖτ' ἂν τελεσθῇ σοὶ θεόδμητος χάρις·
ἔσει δὲ τῶν ἐμῶν σὺ κοινωνὸς θρόνων·
τί φῇς; ἁμαρτὼν καὶ πεσών, φιλεῖς σύ με;'

Κύριε, πρὸ πάντων αὐτὸ τοῦτ' ὀδύρομαι,
ὁθούνεκ' ἀγάπη 'στ' ἀσθενὴς ψυχρά τ' ἐμή·
ἐκ καρδίας φιλῶ δὲ καὶ σέβω Σ' ὅμως·
φιλεῖν δ' ἂν ὡς θέλοιμι, δὸς Σύ μοι χάριν.

St. I. v. 1, vel Ψυχή, σιώπα· Κύριος γὰρ ἔσθ' ὅδε.
St. VI. v. 4, vel ἐπὶ μεῖζον εἴθε τοῦ φιλεῖν ἔλθοι χάρις.
,, vel φιλεῖν δὲ πλεῖον εἴθε μοι δοίης χάριν.
,, vel, in recepta lectione, pro δὸς Σύ μοι, substitue προσθείης.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—No. 60.

The Nativity.

HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
GOD and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the Angelic host proclaim,
'CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.'
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

CHRIST, by highest heaven adored,
CHRIST, the Everlasting LORD,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the GODHEAD see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
JESUS, our Emmanuel.
Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King.

(ANAPAESTIC. DIM.)

Κλύετ'· ἀγγελικοὶ κελαδοῦσι χοροὶ
κοίρανον ὕμνοις νεογέννητον.
γῇ δ' εἰρήνη μαλακός τ' ἔλεος·
Θεὸς ἄνθρωποί τ' οἰκοῦσιν ὁμοῦ.
χαίρετε, χαίρετε, σύμπαντ' ἔθνη·
σπεύδετε νίκης ὑπάτοις μετέχειν·
κηρύξαθ' ἅμα στρατῷ ἀγγελικῷ,
'Χριστὸς γέγονεν πόλει ἐν Δαβίδ.'
κλύετ'· ἀγγελικοὶ κελαδοῦσι χοροὶ
κοίρανον ὕμνοις νεογέννητον.

ἀρχῶν Χριστὸς σέβας οὐρανίων,
εἰς αἰῶνας δ' ἐξ αἰώνων
Κύριος, ἥκει τοῖσδ' ὀψὲ χρόνοις,
παρθένου ἁγνῆς ἄμβροτος υἱός.
βλέψατε κρυφθέντ' ἐν σαρκὶ Θεόν·
Θεότης ἐνέδυ φύσιν ἀνθρώπου.
βροτὸς ὥς, βροτέαν εἵλετ' Ἰησοῦς
μορφήν, "Ὁ Θεὸς' δ' "Ἐστὶ Μεθ' Ἡμῶν.'
κλύετ'· ἀγγελικοὶ κελαδοῦσι χοροὶ
κοίρανον ὕμνοις νεογέννητον.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail, the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
 Hark! the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King.

ὁ Δικαιοσύνης Ἥλιος ἡμῖν,
ἅμα δ' Εἰρήνης Βασιλεύς, χαίροι.
φῶς καὶ ζωὴν ξυμπᾶσι φέρει,
πτερύγεσσι φανεὶς παυσιπόνοισιν.
δόξαν ἑαυτοῦ προλιπών, γέγονεν
θνητός, θνητοὺς θανάτου λύσων·
Γῆς δ' ἵνα παῖδες πάλιν ὀρθῶνται,
θείας φύσεως μετέχοντες.
κλύετ'· ἀγγελικοὶ κελαδοῦσι χοροὶ
κοίρανον ὕμνοις νεογέννητον.

St. II. vv. 7, 8, vel,

μετέχων δὲ βροτοῖς σαρκὸς Ἰησοῦς
τοὔνομ' ἔχει 'Θεός ἐστι μεθ' ἡμῶν.'

Dean Alford.

Hymns Ancient and Modern.—No. 222.

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
  In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed Saints
  Throng up the steeps of light:
'Tis finished! all is finished,
  Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates,
  And let the victòrs in.

What rush of Alleluias
  Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
  Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which creation
  And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
  A thousand-fold repaid!

O, then, what raptured greetings
  On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting severed friendships up,
  Where partings are no more!

(ANAPAESTIC. DIM.)

Ἰδέ, μυριάκις μύριοι, ἁγνῶν
πᾶς στρατός, ἐσθῆτ' ἀργήεσσαν
περιβαλλόμενοι, φωτὸς κορυφὰς
ὑψηλοτάτας ἀναβαίνουσιν.
τετέλεσται ἀγών, πᾶς τετέλεσται,
πρὸς ἀσέλγειαν, καὶ πρὸς θάνατον.
χρυσῶν δὲ πυλῶν λύσατε μοχλούς·
τοῖς νικῶσιν δ' εἴσοδος ἔστω.

ποία δ' ἔρρηξ' ἀλαλαζόντων
φωνὴ πιμπλᾶσ' αἰθέρα καὶ γῆν,
ἀναριθμήτων τ' ἰαχὴ κιθαρῶν,
τέκμαρ νίκης ὡς ἐπιούσης!
ὦ φῶς, κτίσεως ἐλπίσι τερπνόν,
καὶ πᾶσι βροτοῖς τέλος ἥδιστον!
ὦ χάρμα, πόνων λήθην παρέχον
μισθόν τ' ἄπλετον τῶν πρὶν ὀδυρμῶν!

ὡς δ' ἀλλήλους λαμπροῖς κελάδοις
ἐν γῇ μακάρων ἀσπάζονται·
ξύνοδος δ' ἔσθ' ὡς ἡδεῖα φίλων,
ἣν οὐ λύσει μοῖρ', οὐ θάνατος!

Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
  That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
  Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,
  Thou LAMB for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
  Then take Thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,
  Thine exiles long for home;
Shew in the heavens Thy promised sign;
  Thou Prince and Saviour, come.

νῦν ὀφθαλμοὶ στίλβουσι χαράν,
οἱ πάρος ἦσαν δακρύων πλήρεις.
ὀρφανοὶ οὐ νῦν παῖδες πατέρων·
χῆραι δ' οἰκοῦσ' οὐκέτ' ἔρημοι.

τὸ δὲ Σόν, σφαχθεὶς ὑπὲρ ὀλλυμένων
'Αμνέ, λυτήριον ἦμαρ πελάσαις·
Σῶν δ' ἐκλεκτῶν τελέσας ἀριθμόν,
καὶ σκῆπτρα λαβών, μοῦνος ἀνάσσοις.
ἔθνεσιν ἔρχου πᾶσι ποθεινός·
Σοὶ δ' ἱμείρουσ' οἴκου φυγάδες·
Σὸν δ' οὐράνιον σῆμα φανήτω·
Σῶτερ, βασιλεῦ, ταχὺ δ' ἐλθέ.

St. I. v. 3, *περιβαλλόμενοι*. Cf. Eur. Iph. Taur. 1148, *φάρεα . . . περιβαλλομένα*. Aliter, si praeteritum desideres participium, lege—

ἐσθῆτ' ἐνδυσάμενοι
λευκὴν καθαράν θ', ὑψηλοτάτας
φωτὸς κορυφὰς ἀναβαίνουσιν.

St. II. v. 1, *ἀλαλαζόντων*. Vel quod, me iudice, idem valet, *Θεὸν αἰνούντων*.

Rev. F. W. Faber.

Faber's Hymns.—No. 149, p. 423.

O PARADISE! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?

O Paradise! O Paradise!
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

(IAMBIC. DIM.)

Παράδεισε, Παράδεισ᾽, ἐκ πόνων
τίς οὐ λυθῆναι βούλεται,
βλέπειν θ᾽, ἵν᾽ ᾤκηται πόλις
νικηφόρων, χθόν᾽ ὀλβίαν·
ἔνθ᾽ οἵ τ᾽ ἀληθεῖς κἀγκρατεῖς
στίλβουσ᾽ ἐν ἀμβρότῳ φάει,
ἁγνῇ δ᾽ ἐν ἐκστάσει χαρᾶς
βλέπουσιν ὕψιστον Θεόν;

Παράδεισε, Παράδεισ᾽, ὡς ταχὺ
τὰ πάντα γηράσκει κάτω·
τίς παῦλαν οὐχ ὁρμᾷ κιχεῖν,
ἵν᾽ οὐ φθίνει ποθ᾽ ἡ ᾽γάπη·
ἔνθ᾽ οἵ τ᾽ ἀληθεῖς κἀγκρατεῖς
στίλβουσ᾽ ἐν ἀμβρότῳ φάει,
ἁγνῇ δ᾽ ἐν ἐκστάσει χαρᾶς
βλέπουσιν ὕψιστον Θεόν;

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Wherefore doth death delay,
Bright death, that is the welcome dawn
Of our eternal day;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In GOD'S most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
'Tis weary waiting here;
I long to be where JESUS is,
To feel, to see Him near;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In GOD'S most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In GOD'S most holy sight.

Παράδεισε, Παράδεισ᾽, ἀλλὰ τί
θάνατος ὁ λαμπρὸς οὐ πάρα;
χαίρων ἴδοιμ᾽ ἂν ἡμέρας
ἑωσφόρον τῆς ἀφθίτου·
ἔνθ᾽ οἵ τ᾽ ἀληθεῖς κἀγκρατεῖς
στίλβουσ᾽ ἐν ἀμβρότῳ φάει,
ἁγνῇ δ᾽ ἐν ἐκστάσει χαρᾶς
βλέπουσιν ὕψιστον Θεόν;

Παράδεισε, Παράδεισ᾽, ὡς ἐγὼ
μένων ἔτ᾽ ἐνθάδ᾽ ἄχθομαι·
παρὼν παρόντ᾽ ἐφίεμαι
βλέπειν Ἰησοῦν, καὶ κλύειν·
ἔνθ᾽ οἵ τ᾽ ἀληθεῖς κἀγκρατεῖς
στίλβουσ᾽ ἐν ἀμβρότῳ φάει,
ἁγνῇ δ᾽ ἐν ἐκστάσει χαρᾶς
βλέπουσιν ὕψιστον Θεόν.

Παράδεισε, Παράδεισ᾽, εἴθε νῦν
ἔχοιμι μηκέτ᾽ ἀμπλακεῖν·
εἴην δ᾽ ἄμεμπτος ἐν χθονί,
σαῖς ὡς ἐπ᾽ ἀκταῖς ἀσπίλοις·
ἔνθ᾽ οἵ τ᾽ ἀληθεῖς κἀγκρατεῖς
στίλβουσ᾽ ἐν ἀμβρότῳ φάει,
ἁγνῇ δ᾽ ἐν ἐκστάσει χαρᾶς
βλέπουσιν ὕψιστον Θεόν.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
  I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest LORD
  Is destining for me;
    Where loyal hearts and true
      Stand ever in the light,
    All rapture through and through,
      In GOD'S most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!
  I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
  Faint fragments of thy song;
    Where loyal hearts and true
      Stand ever in the light,
    All rapture through and through,
      In GOD'S most holy sight.

Παράδεισε, Παράδεισ', εἰσιδεῖν
πάντων μάλισθ' ἱμείρομαι
ἕδραν τίν' οὑμὸς φίλτατος
ἡτοίμασέν μοι Δεσπότης·
    ἔνθ' οἵ τ' ἀληθεῖς κἀγκρατεῖς
    στίλβουσ' ἐν ἀμβρότῳ φάει,
    ἁγνῇ δ' ἐν ἐκστάσει χαρᾶς
    βλέπουσιν ὕψιστον Θεόν.

Παράδεισε, Παράδεισ', οὐ μακρὰν
ἄπει σύγ', ὡς ἐπεικάσαι·
τλαίην ἄν· ἀρτὶ γὰρ δοκῶ
ἠχώ τιν' ὕμνων σῶν κλύειν·
    ἔνθ' οἵ τ' ἀληθεῖς κἀγκρατεῖς
    στίλβουσ' ἐν ἀμβρότῳ φάει,
    ἁγνῇ δ' ἐν ἐκστάσει χαρᾶς
    βλέπουσιν ὕψιστον Θεόν.

St. I. v. 5, vel *ἔνθ' οἵπερ ἤσκησαν τὸ τλᾶν.*

St. II. v. 3, vel pro *παῦλαν οὐχ*, lege *οὐχὶ λιμέν'* . . . Vid. Eur. Bacch. 860.

St. VI. v. 3, *τίνα.* Cf. Xen. An. 3. 3. 18, *ἐπισκεψώμεθα τίνες πέπανται.* In Sacris Libris, Luc. xix. 3, *ἐζήτει ἰδεῖν τὸν Ἰησοῦν τίς ἐστι.* Item in Trag.: e.g. Aesch. Theb. 647, *σὺ δ' αὐτὸς ἤδη γνῶθι τίνα πέμπειν δοκεῖς.*

A Vision of Hope.

HUSHED is all strife: the flood of ills is stayed:
Peace visits men with gentle smiles arrayed.
All taste life's joys set free from toil and care;
And flocks the gladness of their shepherds share.
The wolf and lamb, the ox and lion feed
Together, pard and kid: a child shall lead.
Not now the serpent swells out deadly jaw.
All things are changed: all Nature hath new law.
Earth greeteth Heaven, and Heaven now greeteth
Earth,
And all good things have now spontaneous birth.
Sickness, Perplexity and Pain have fled;
And Death Himself hath vanished and is dead.

'ΕΠ' 'ΕΛΠΙΔΩΝ 'ΟΧΟΥΜΕΘΑ.

Ἔρις πέπαυται, καὶ κακῶν ἐπιρροαί·
γλυκεῖα δ' ἀνθρώποισιν Εἰρήνη γελᾷ·
βίου δ' ὑπάρχει πᾶσι τέρψις ἡσύχου·
ποίμναισι καὶ τοῖς ποιμέσιν κοινὴ χαρά·
λύκος μὲν ἀρνί, βοῒ δὲ σύννομος λέων,
ἐρίφῳ δὲ πάρδος· παιδίον δ' ἡγήσεται.
ὄφις θανάσιμον οὐκέτ' ἐκτείνει[1] γένυν.
νέαν μεταλλαχθέντα πάντ' ἔχει φύσιν.
γῆ δ' οὐρανόν, γῆν οὐρανὸς δ' ἀσπάζεται.
αὐτόματα θάλλει πάντα τἀγαθὰ χθονί.
νόσος πέφευγε καὶ μέριμνα καὶ δύη·
αὐτὸς δ' ὁ Θάνατος φροῦδος οἴχεται θανών.

[1] ἐκτείνει, vel ἐκφυσᾷ.

Testimonials.

MANY kind tributes of praise have been bestowed on this little work, not only at home, but abroad. It met with a very kind reception at Athens, at Jerusalem, at Constantinople, from which capital a Greek newspaper ('Εκκλιαστικὴ 'Αλήθεια) is sent me weekly by order of the Patriarch of the Greek Church. From Baltimore, again, and other seats of learning in the United States, similar testimonials have been sent and received. I will not, however, weary the reader by reciting them. Suffice it to quote one letter of commendation from the late honoured and lamented Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham.

AUCKLAND CASTLE,
BISHOP AUCKLAND,
May 8, 1886.

MY DEAR SIR,

I have delayed too long already, and must not delay another day, to thank you for a copy of the new edition of your very delightful and beautiful little book. It is a very welcome addition to my library.

Yours very truly,
J. B. DUNELM.

REV. A. W. CHATFIELD.

APPENDIX.

BISHOP KEN.

The Morning Hymn.

Text from 'Book of Praise,' 257.

(For Parts I and II see pp. 100–103.)

PART III.

* * * *

BY influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays,
In ardent love, and cheerful praise.

* * * *

I wake, I wake: ye heavenly Choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight,
Perform like you my Maker's will,
O may I never more do ill.

῞ΥΜΝΟΣ ῾ΕΩΘΙΝΟΣ.

* * * *

Αὐτὸς δὲ θεόθεν ὡς ἐφωτίσθης, τὸ φῶς
τὸ σὸν παράσχες πᾶσιν ἀνθρώποις ἰδεῖν·
ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ δ' ἀκτῖνας εὐμενεῖς λαβών,
Θεῷ βροτοῖσι δ' ἀπόδος ἀνταυγὲς σέλας[1].

* * * *

φροῦδος μὲν ὕπνος, φροῦδος· οἱ δ' ἄνω χοροί,
ἐμπνεύσαθ', ὑμῖν ὡς ἂν ἐξ ἴσου σέβω·
βίον δ' ὃν ὑμεῖς, καὶ διοιχνοίην ἐγώ,
εἴην δ' ὁμοίως πρόσπολος τῷ 'μῷ Θεῷ.

ὑμῖν δ' ὁμοίως ἐν Θεῷ χαίροιμ' ἐγώ,
κἀμοῦ Θεοῦ πρόσωπον εἰσβλέποιμ' ἀεί·
δρῴην δ' ὁμοίως οὑμὸς ἃ 'ν Κτίστης θέλῃ,
μηδ' ἐμπλακείην αὖ ποτ' ἐν φαύλῳ τινί.

---

[1] Vel αἶνον Θεῷ πρόφαινε, κεὔνοιαν βροτοῖς.

Had I your wings to heaven I'd fly,
But God shall that defect supply;
And my soul wing'd with warm desire
Shall all day long to heaven aspire.

* * * *

I would not wake, nor rise again,
Even heaven itself I would disdain,
Wert Thou not there to be enjoy'd,
And I in hymns to be employ'd.

Heaven is, dear Lord, where'er Thou art;
O never then from me depart;
For to my soul 'tis Hell to be
But for one moment void of Thee.

* * * *

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

εἰ δ' εἶχον ὑμῶν πτέρυγας, εἰς τὸν οὐρανὸν
ἀνεπτόμην ἄν· ἐκ Θεοῦ δ' ἄκος πάρα·
θερμοῖς πόθοις ὁ θυμὸς ἐπτερωμένος
εἰς οὐρανὸν πανῆμαρ ἐκταθήσεται.

* * * *

τί δ' ἂν λέχους, τί δ' ἐξανασταίην τάφου;
οὐκ αὐτὸν ἂν τὸν οὐρανὸν τίσαιμ' ἐγώ,
ἢν μὴ παρῇς Σὺ χάρμα θησαυρός τέ μου,
ἐμοὶ δ' ἔπαινον τὸν Σὸν ὑμνῆσαι δοθῇ.

ὅπου ποτ' εἶ Σύ γ', ἐνθάδ' ἐστὶν οὐρανός·
μὴ γοῦν λίπῃς ἔμ', ὦ 'γαπητὲ Κύριε·
ψυχῇ γὰρ Ἅιδης ἐστί μοι χρόνου μίαν
ῥιπὴν στέρεσθαι Σῆς φίλης παρουσίας.

* * * *

αἰνεῖτ', ἀφ' οὗ τὰ χρηστὰ πάντα ῥεῖ, Θεόν·
αἰνεῖτε, πάντες οἱ 'νθάδ' οἰκοῦντες κάτω·
αἰνεῖτ' ἄνω Νιν, οὐρανοῦ στρατεύματα·
αἰνεῖτε Πατέρ', Υἱόν τε, Πνεῦμά τ' εἰσαεί.

BISHOP KEN.

The Evening Hymn.

PART II.

(For Part I see pp. 104–107.)

* * * *

DULL sleep of sense me to deprive!
I am but half my time alive:
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are griev'd
To lie so long of Thee bereav'd.

But tho' sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains;
And now and then let loose my heart,
Till it an Hallelujah dart.

The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfetter'd are our minds;
O may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!

Ὕμνος Ἑσπερινός.

* * * *

Δεινόν γ', ὀκνηρὸς ὕπνος εἰ συλᾷ με νοῦν!
χρόνου δὲ τοὐμοῦ ζῶ μόγις τό γ' ἥμισυ·
πιστοὶ φίλοι δὲ κείμενοι σκιᾶς ὕπο
δαρὸν ποθοῦσι σὴν ἰδεῖν ὄψιν πάλιν·

εἰ δ' ἀσθενείας τῆς ἐμῆς ὕπνος κρατεῖ,
μή μ' αἰχμάλωτον δαρὸν ὧδ' ἔχοι χρόνον·
λύσαις δὲ τοὐμὸν ἐνίοτ' ἐκ δεσμῶν κέαρ,
ἕως τιν' ἐξηκόντισ' Ἀλληλούϊα[1].

ὕπνος δ' ὅσῳ περ βαθύτερον δήσει φρένας,
τόσῳ γ' ὁ θυμὸς μᾶλλον ἔστ' ἐλεύθερος·
ὕλης[2] μὲν οὖν ἄθικτος ἡ ψυχή γέ μου
ἀνέφελον, ὦναξ, καλλονὴν τὴν σὴν ἴδοι.

[1] Hebraicè Ἀλληλούϊα fem. est: vide Mat. xxi. 42; Marc. xii. 11 (Is. xxviii. 16): sc. fem. pro neut., quod deest. Rectè igitur se habet *τινά*.

[2] ὕλη passim apud Synesium et patres Alexandrinos pro 'gross matter.'

O when shall I in endless day
For ever chase dark sleep away;
And hymns with the supernal choir
Incessant sing and never tire?

O may my Guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill.

May he celestial joy rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ὦ φῶς τάχ' ἔλθοις ἡμέρας ἀτέρμονος,
ὅτ' εἰσαεὶ κελαινὸν ὕπνον ἐξελῶ·
ὕμνους δ' ἐν ἀγγέλων μὲν ᾄσομαι χοροῖς
διηνεκεῖς, οὐδ' αὖθις ἄν μ' ἕλοι κόπος.

οὐξ οὐρανοῦ μ' εὕδοντα τηροίη φύλαξ,
κοίτῃ παρεστὼς τῇδ', ἄϋπνον ὄμμ' ἔχων,
ἀγάπην δὲ θείαν ἐμπνέοι φρενῶν ἔσω,
πύλας δὲ κλεῖσαι κεἰσόδους παντὸς κακοῦ.

ἐμοὶ δὲ λαμπρῶν ἀγγέλων δεῖξαι χαράν,
φίλος φίλ' εἴποι, νῷ δὲ συζεύξειε νοῦν[1]·
ἢ νύκτα πᾶσαν, μεταλαβὼν τοὐμὸν μέρος,
μέλποι τιν' ὕμνον τῷ Θεῷ πρὸς ἡδονήν.

αἰνεῖτ', ἀφ' οὗ τὰ πάντα χρηστὰ ῥεῖ, Θεόν·
αἰνεῖτε, πάντες οἱ 'νθάδ' οἰκοῦντες κάτω·
αἰνεῖτ' ἄνω Νιν, οὐρανοῦ στρατεύματα·
αἰνεῖτε Πατέρ', Υἱόν τε, Πνεῦμά τ' εἰσαεί.

[1] Vel καὶ φρέν' ἐμπλέκοι φρενί·

BISHOP KEN.

A Midnight Hymn.

MY God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take:
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.

Bless'd Angels! while we silent lie,
You Hallelujahs sing on high;
You joyful hymn the ever-Bless'd,
Before the throne, and never rest.

I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine:—
With you in heaven I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.

My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in Thy arms I will entrust:
O make me Thy peculiar care;
Some mansion for my soul prepare.

῞ΥΜΝΟΣ ΜΕΣΟΝΥΚΤΙΟΣ.

Ὕπνου πέπαυμαι· Σοὶ δ', ἐμὸς γὰρ εἶ Θεός,
δίδωμ' ἐμαυτόν· ἀλλ' ὅλον δέχου Σύ με·
καὶ νυκτιπλάγκτων δειμάτων φύλασσ' ἄπο,
καὶ σῶζέ μου τὴν καρδίαν ἀκήρατον[1].

ὦ μάκαρες, ὑμεῖς, εἰ σιωπῶμεν βροτοί,
μολπὴν ἔτ' αἴρεθ' ὑψόσ' Ἀλληλούϊα·
Θεὸν δὲ Παγκράτιστον, ἔμπροσθεν θρόνου,
ὑμνεῖτ' ἀεὶ χαίροντες, οὐδ' ἐλλείπετε.

ἐγὼ μεθ' ὑμῶν, ὦ 'γγέλων ἁγνοὶ χοροί,
ὕμνον τιν' ᾄδω, προσφορὰν σμικρὰν Θεῷ·
ἐν οὐρανῷ μεθ' ὑμὶν οἰκήσειν ἐμοὶ
ἐλπίς, φράσειν τε νυκτὶ γῇ τε "χαίρετε."

ψυχὴν δ' ἐμήν, γῆς εὖτ' ἂν ἐκδύσω κόνιν,
παραθήσομαι Σαῖς ὠλέναις, ὦ Κύριε·
ἐμοῦ μὲν οὖν Σύ γ' ἵλεως μέμνησ' ἀεί·
τῷ Σῷ δ' ἑτοίμαζ' ἐν δόμῳ κἀμοὶ μονήν.

[1] Vel ῥῦσαι δ' ἀνάγνων ἱμέρων τοὐμὸν κέαρ.

Give me a place at Thy Saints' feet,
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in brighter day.

O may I always ready stand,
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of heaven rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.

All praise to Thee in light array'd,
Who light Thy dwelling-place hast made:
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From Thy all-glorious Godhead streams.

The sun in its meridian height
Is very darkness in Thy sight!
My soul O lighten and inflame
With thought and love of Thy great name.

Bless'd Jesu, Thou, on heaven intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
But I, frail creature, soon am tir'd,
And all my zeal is soon expir'd.

ἁγνῶν δὲ τῶν Σῶν πρὸς πόδας δός μοι τόπον,
ἤ του πεσόντων ἀγγέλων κενὴν ἕδραν·
ἴσον δ' ἂν ἆραι φθέγμα πειρῴμην σφίσιν,
οἳ φῶς βλέπουσ' ὕψιστον ἐγγὺς ἥμενοι.

ἕτοιμος, ἐν ταχθέντι δ' ἑστηκὼς τόπῳ,
ἀεί τε φαιδρὰν λαμπάδ' ἐν χεροῖν ἔχων,
πέλας φανέντος οὐρανοῦ, χαίροιμ' ἐγώ,
ἐλθόντος εὖτ' ἂν Νυμφίου φωνὴν κλύω.

δέχου Σὺ πάντ' ἔπαινον, ἐνδυθεὶς φάος,
φάει δ' ἐνοικῶν, ὦ Μέγιστε Κύριε·
ὡς τῆς θαλάσσης ῥεῖθρα, Σῆς ῥέουσ' ἄπο
Θεότητος ἁγναὶ φωτὸς ἀσβέστου ῥοαί.

καὶ δὴ σέλας τόδ' ἡμέρας μεσημβρινοῦ
τί Σοῖσιν ὀφθαλμοῖσιν ἔστ' εἰ μὴ σκότος;
ἀλλ' ἥλιος Σύ γ' ἴσθι μοι· ψυχὴν δ' ἐμὴν
θέρμαιν' ἵν' ὄνομα Σὸν μέγ' εὐσεβῶν φιλῶ.

Κράτιστ' Ἰησοῦ, θυμὸν ἐξάρας ἄνω,
ὅλας Σὺ νύκτας ἐν λιταῖς διήγαγες·
τῆς δ' ἀσθενείας τῆς ἐμῆς οἴμοι τάλας!
ἅπας γὰρ οὑμὸς ζῆλος ὡς τάχ' οἴχεται!

My soul, how canst Thou weary grow
Of antedating bliss below
In sacred hymns, and heavenly love,
Which will eternal be above.

Shine on me, Lord; new life impart;
Fresh ardours kindle in my heart:
One ray of Thy all-quick'ning light
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over Thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts cast out;
And make my very dreams devout.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

ψυχὴ δέ μου, πῶς ἐνθάδ' ἂν κάμοις ποτὲ
ὄλβον προδεικνῦσ' ὑψόθεν φανούμενον,
μέλπουσά θ' ὕμνους κἀγάπην, ἥπερ μενεῖ
τοὐντεῦθεν εἰς αἰῶνας αἰώνων ἄνω;

λάμψον Σύ μοι· δός, Κύριε, ζωὴν νέαν·
ζήλῳ δ' ἄναψον ἀφθίτῳ τοὐμὸν κέαρ·
Σὸν ζωοποιεῖ πάντα φῶς· ἀκτὶς μία
ὄκνον τε νυκτὸς καὶ σκότον διασκεδᾷ [1].

ἐχθρὸς πονηρὸς μὴ φθάσῃ μ' ἐλθὼν λάθρα,
τὸ Σὸν φύλασσε θῦμα, Σοῦ γὰρ εἰμὶ πᾶς·
νοήματ' ἔκβαλλ' ἀργά, πᾶν δ' ὅπερ σαθρόν·
ἐνύπνι' αὐτὰ στρέψον εἰς δόξαν Σέθεν.

αἰνεῖτ', ἀφ' οὗ τὰ χρηστὰ πάντα ῥεῖ, Θεόν·
αἰνεῖτε, πάντες οἱ 'νθάδ' οἰκοῦντες κάτω·
αἰνεῖτ' ἄνω Νιν, οὐρανοῦ στρατεύματα·
αἰνεῖτε Πατέρ', Υἱόν τε, Πνεῦμά τ' εἰσαεί.

[1] διασκεδᾷ. Futurum bene se habet—'one ray *will* dispel . . .'

Joseph Addison's Paraphrase—1728.

Psalm xxiii.

'*Palmer's Book of Praise*,' p. 231.

The last two verses, not touched by Addison, are added from the Psalm itself.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply.
And guard me with a watchful eye;
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the varied landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall feel no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

(DIMETRUM IAMBICUM.)

Νομὴν πορίζων Κύριος
φίλος φίλως με ποιμανεῖ·
δώσει δ' ὅτου[1] με δεῖ παρών,
φρουρῶν τ' ἀΰπνοις ὄμμασιν·
πάτοις ἑταῖρος ἡμέρας,
ὥραις δὲ νυκτός μοι φύλαξ.

εἰ δ' ἔμπυρον τρίβω πέδον,
ἢ διψίου κάρην' ὄρους,
λειμῶνα χλωρὸν κεἰς νάπας
τερπνὰς ἔμ' ἀσθμαίνοντ' ἄγει·
οὗ ῥεῖ τε νάμαθ' ἡδέως,
καὶ γαῖα πᾶσ' ἀγάλλεται.

ᾍδου προσῆλθον εἰσόδους;
μορφάς τε δεινὰς ἐμβλέπω;
κῆρ τοὐμὸν οὐ φοβήσεται·
Σὺ γὰρ πάρει μοι ξύμμαχος·
ῥάβδος φίλη, βάκτρον τε Σὸν
δι' ἐμφόβου μ' ἄξει σκιᾶς.

[1] ὅτου με δεῖ. Vid. Pors. ad Orest., 659.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my wants beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Thou preparest a table
before me in the presence
of mine enemies; Thou anointest
my head with oil: my
cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy
shall follow me all
the days of my life!
and I will dwell in
the house of the Lord for ever.

τραχεῖα δ' ἐστὶ κἄπορος
λίθοις ἀκάνθαισιν θ' ὁδός;
Σὴ πάντ' ἂν ἀλλάξαι χάρις·
ἴδ' ἥ τ' ἔρημος ὡς γελᾷ,
κἄνθη χλόα τε γῆν στέφει,
βοῶσι δ' ἐν χόρῳ ῥοαί.

Σύ μοι τράπεζαν πλουσίαν
ἐχθρῶν [1] ἔνανθ' ἡτοίμασας·
χρίεις ἐλαίῳ κρᾶτα μου·
πλῆρες [2] δέ μοι ποτήριον.

ἦ μοι γένοιτ' ἂν χρηστότης,
ἔλεός τε σύμμετρος βίῳ·
ἐν οἰκίᾳ δὲ Κυρίου
μενῶ μακάριος εἰσαεί.

[1] Vel παρέσχες ἄντα δυσμενῶν.
[2] Vel δέπας δ' ἐμὸν πληθύνεται.

CHARLES WESLEY.

'Jesu, lover of my soul.'

'Book of Praise,' p. 251.

JESU, Lover of my soul,
  Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
  While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
  O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none;
  Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me!
All my trust on Thee is stay'd,
  All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of Thy wing!

Wilt Thou not regard my call?
  Wilt Thou not accept my prayer?
Lo! I sink, I faint, I fall!
  Lo! on Thee I cast my care!

(ELEGIAC.)

Θεσπεσίως ὅς μου ψυχὴν ἐφίλησας, Ἰησοῦ,
    ἐς μὲν Σὸν πτέσθαι κόλπον ἔμοιγε παρές,
ἐκ βαθέων τάδ' ἑώς μοι ῥεῖθρα κυλίνδεται ἐγγύς,
    μυκᾶται δὲ θύελλ' ὑψόθεν ἐκχυμένη·
ἔστ' ἂν τοῦ θνητοῦ βιότου τόδε χεῖμα παρέλθῃ,
    κρύψον ἔμ', ὦ κρύψον, φίλτατε Σῶτερ, ἐμέ.
ἐς λιμέν', ἡγεμόνος Σοῦ γ' ὄντος, σῶος ἱκοίμην·
    ἔνθα Σύ μου ψυχὴν τήνδε δέχοιο τέλος.

οὐ γὰρ ἔμοιγε λιμὴν ἄλλος, πύργος τε πάρεστιν·
    ἀπτόλεμος ψυχὴν πᾶς Σέθεν ἐκκρέμαμαι·
μὴ λίπε μοῦνον, ἄγραν τ' ἐχθροῖσιν, μὴ λίπ' ἄναλκιν,
    χεῖρα δὸς ἰσχυράν, φαῖνε δὲ φῶς φίλιον.
Δέσποτα, Σοὶ δὲ μόνῳ πάντως αἰεί τε πέποιθα·
    ἀλκὴ δ' ἐκ Σέο πᾶσ' ἦλθεν ὅσηνπερ ἔχω·
δυσμενέων δὲ τροπήν τε, βέβαιόν θ' ἕρκος ἀκόντων,
    ἀμφὶ κάρα τοὐμὸν Σὰς πέτασον πτέρυγας.

ἆρα Σέθεν δούλων φωνὴν δέξασθαι ἀπαρνεῖ;
    Σῶν δ' ἱκετῶν εὐχαῖς ἵλαος οὐκέτ' ἔσει;
ἀλλὰ μὲν οὖν πέπτωκα, δέδυκά τε, πᾶς δ' ἀπόλωλα·
    κἀπί Σ' ὅμως ῥίπτω, Χριστέ, μέριμναν ἐμήν.

Reach me out Thy gracious hand!
  While I of Thy strength receive;
Hoping against hope I stand,
  Dying, and behold I live!

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
  More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
  Heal the sick, and lead the blind!
Just and holy is Thy Name;
  I am all unrighteousness;
False and full of sin I am,
  Thou art full of truth and grace.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
  Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
  Make and keep me pure within!
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
  Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart!
  Rise to all eternity!

χεῖρα δὲ δεξιτερὰν ἔκτεινε Σύ, καί μοι ἄμυνε·
  ἔμπνεε δ' ἐκ Σαυτοῦ καινὸν ἔμοιγε μένος.
ἐλπὶς ἀνέλπιστος σαίνει μέ τις ἔνδοθι θυμοῦ·
  ἀλλ' ἴδε, κἂν θνήσκω, ζῶ γε μάλ' αὖθις ὅμως.

ἐν Σοὶ ἁπλῶς εὕρηχ' ὁσαδήποτε, Χριστέ, ποθοίην·
  τῶν ἐρατῶν πάντων κτήματος εἶ Σὺ πλέον.
αἶρ', ἄγε, πεπτῶτας, παραμύθησαι δὲ καμόντας,
  ἀσθενέας θεράπευ', ὄμματα δ' ἴσθι τυφλοῖς.
εἶ Σὺ δίκαιος, ἀεί θ' ὅσιον τὸ Σὸν οὔνομ' ὑπάρχει·
  αὐτὰρ ἐγώ, φεῦ φεῦ, πάντα πέφυκ' ἄδικος·
ψευδής, ἀμπλακίας τε πλέως ἐγώ εἰμι πλάνης τε·
  εἶ Σὺ δ' ἀληθείας, εἶ χαρίτος δὲ πλέως.

Σεῦ δὲ μέθ' εὕρηται χάρις ὡς ποτάμοιο ῥέεθρα·
  ναὶ χάρις, ὡς κεύθειν τἄμ' ἀλιτήμαθ' ἅλις·
ἀλλ' ἔτι πληθύνοιτο, φάος τε χαράν τε φέρουσα·
  λοῦε με παντελέως, καὶ καθάριζέ μ' ἔσω.
εἰ δὲ Σὺ πᾶσι βροτοῖς ζωῆς πηγή τε καὶ ἀρχή·
  ἐκ Σαυτοῦ τι μέρος δὸς καὶ ἔμοιγε λαβεῖν·
εἰς κραδίην ῥέε μοι, ῥέε καὶ πρόσω· ὥστε θαλάσσης
  ὄρσον ἐς αἰῶνας κύματ' ἐπασσύτερα.

WILLIAM COWPER.

'God moves in a mysterious way.'

'*Book of Praise,*' p. 417.

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace;
Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face.

(ELEGIAC.)

Πάντως πάνθ' ὁ Θεὸς ποιεῖ θαυμαστὰ βροτοῖσιν·
οὐκ ἴσμεν δὲ τὸ πῶς, οὐ τὸ πότ', οὐ τὸ πόθεν·
ἐν [1] δ' ἵστησι πόδας μεγερᾶς βένθεσσι θαλάσσης,
καὶ ζεύξας ἀνέμους, λαίλαφ' ὑφ' ἅρματ' ἄγει.

ὡς δ' ἐν ὑποχθονίοις καὶ ὑπερμεγέθεσσι μετάλλοις
κρύπτει θησαυροὺς ἀϊδίου σοφίας·
ἂν δὲ θέλῃ ποιεῖ, τελέσει δ' ἃ προώρισεν ἔργα,
πάντων Αὐτοκράτωρ, κἀθάνατος Βασιλεύς.

εὐθυμεῖσθ', ἅγιοι· μή τις πεφοβημένος ἔστω
ἀμφιβληθείσας πάντοσ' ὁρῶν νεφέλας·
οἴκτου γὰρ χάριτός τ' ἐρικύμων ἐστὶ θύελλα,
πᾶσι καλοῖς θ' ὑμῶν ῥήξεται ἀμφὶ κάρα.

Κύριον ἀνθρώπων γε κρίσει μὴ κρίνετ', ἀδελφοί·
ἴστε δέ νιν πιστὸν πᾶσιν, ἀεί τε φίλον.
ὀφρύσι δ' εἴ ποθ' ὑπὸ στυγναῖς ἐκάλυψε πρόσωπον
ἀλλ' ὅγε μειδήσας φαιδρὸν ἔτ' ὄμμα φανεῖ.

[1] Vel ἐν στήσει δὲ . . . et in proximo versu . . . ἀνέμους λαίλαπά θ', ἅρματ' ἐλᾷ, scilicet futurum saepe denotat 'custom'; vide Matt. Gr. Gr. §. 503, 4.

His purposes will ripen fast,
  Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
  But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
  And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
  And He will make it plain.

οὐ βραδύπους δ' ὁ χρόνος· βουλεύματα θεῖα τελεῖται·
ὥρα πᾶσα νέα θαῦμα νέον τι φέρει·
εἰ δὲ φυτὸν πρῶτον γεύσασθαι χείλεσι πικρόν,
ἡδὺ μάλ' ἐν καιρῷ γ' ἔσσεται ἄνθος[1] ὅμως.

ἦ τις ἄπιστος ἐὼν ὅσσοισι τυφλοῖσι πλανᾶται,
τοῦ μεγάλου δ' ἀθρεῖ κτίστορος ἔργα μάτην·
ἀλλ' ὁ Θεὸς κατὰ πάνθ' ἑρμηνεὺς ἐστὶν ἑαυτοῦ,
κἂν σκότῳ ὅσσ' ἐκάλυψ' ἄξεται ἐς τὸ φάος.

[1] Vel si displiceat confusa, ut videtur, metaphora inter gustandi et odorandi sensus, *pro* ἄνθος *lege* καρπός, versu in hunc modum mutato, ἐν καιρῷ γλυκὺς ἔσθ', ὡς μέλι, καρπὸς ὅμως.

William Cowper.

'There is a fountain filled with blood.'

'*Book of Praise*,' p. 156; 'Ancient and Modern,'
Appendix, 633.

THERE is a Fountain fill'd with blood,
  Drawn from Emmanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
  Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoic'd to see
  That Fountain in his day;
And there may I[1], as vile as he,
  Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
  Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
  Be sav'd, to sin no more.

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[1] 'May I wash'—not 'have I washed.' The former is more in accordance with Cowper's generally depressed state of mind. Such, too, I think was the version in the old hymn books of my earliest days. Such also seems to me more true and scriptural. So in Ps. 51, vv. 2, 7. The greatest saint may express such wish, or use such prayer, but the greatest saint might shrink from the apparent vaunt of the other reading. I am glad to see the former reading adopted in 'A. and M.,' Appendix, Hymn 633.

(TRIMETRUM IAMBICUM.)

Πηγή τις ἐστὶν αἵματος πληρουμένη,
τοῦ δ' Ἐμμανουὴλ ἐκ φλεβῶν πιδύεται[1]·
ἐν δ' οὖν βαφέντες ταῖσδ' ἁμαρτωλοὶ ῥοαῖς
κηλῖδος αἰσχρᾶς ἐξίασ' ἐλεύθεροι.

θνήσκων ὁ λῃστὴς ἐν γε τῇ τόθ' ἡμέρᾳ
ἔχαιρ' ἐκείνην ὄμμασιν κρηνὴν ἰδών·
ἐνταῦθα κἀγώ, μιαρὸς ἐξ ἴσου γεγώς,
μιάσματ' εἴθε πάντα λουσαίμην ἄπο.

ἔθανες μέν, ἀμνὲ φίλταθ', αἵματος δὲ Σοῦ
ὧδ' ἐκχυθέντος οὔ ποτ' ἂν τιμὴ θάνοι,
ἔστ' ἂν Θεοῦ λυθεῖσα[2] πᾶσ' ἐκκλησία
σωθῇ, τὸ μέλλον ὥστε μηκέτ' ἀμπλακεῖν.

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[1] πιδύεται, vide Aesch. Pers. 815. Vel *lege* . . . ῥεύματ' ἐκπηδᾷ φλεβῶν.

[2] Vel *lege* σωθεῖσα *pro* λυθεῖσα, et proximum versum, ῥήξῃ τὸ μέλλον σκληρὰ δέσμ' ἁμαρτίας.

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
  Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
  And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song
  I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
  Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe Thou hast prepared,
  Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward,
  A golden harp for me.

'Tis strung, and tuned for endless years,
  And form'd by power divine,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
  No other Name but Thine.

ἀφ᾽ οὗ δὲ πίστις νάματ᾽ ἀνεκάλυψέ μοι
τῶν Σῶν ἀεί ποτ᾽ ἐκρέοντα τραυμάτων,
ὑμνῶ χάριν τε κἀγάπην λυτήριον,
ὑμνεῖν δὲ ταῦτ᾽ οὐ λήξομαι πρὶν ἂν θάνω.

καὶ δὴ γλυκείᾳ μᾶλλον ὀρθίᾳ τ᾽ ὀπὶ
ἀλκῆς ἃ θαύματ᾽ εἰργάσω, τότ᾽ ᾄσομαι,
ὁπήνιχ᾽ ἥδε νηπία τραυλή τέ μου
γλῶσσ᾽ ἐν τάφοισι κειμένη σιγήσεται.

ἀνάξιος μὲν εἰμί, πιστεύω δ᾽ ὅτι
ἡτοίμασας Σύγ᾽, ὦ μέγιστε Κύριε,
χάριν χυθέντος αἵματος, κἀμοὶ γέρας,
κιθάραν τε χρυσῆν, ὧδ᾽ ἁμαρτωλῷ πάρος,

Σὴ χεὶρ ἔπηξ᾽ ἔτεινέ τ᾽, οὐ θνητῶν τέχνη·
τὰ νεῦρα δ᾽ εἰς αἰῶνας αἰώνων μέλος
ἐν ὠσὶ τερπνὸν φθέγγεται Θεοῦ Πατρός,
οὐκ ἄλλο κλήζοντ᾽ ὄνομα πλὴν τὸ Σὸν μόνον.

INDEX OF HYMNS.

ERRATA ET CORRIGENDA.

P. 21, 7, plenum adde punctum post *αἶνον*

,, 27, 2, 4, 6, 9, in textum repone *ἀθλίως ὀλωλότας*, in marginem (i.e. notulam) *τἄσχαθ' ἡμαρτηκότας*

,, ,, 11, *pro μνευμονεύσῃς lege μνημονεύσῃς*

,, 31, 6, *lege*, ad sacrum textum propius, totum versum *σταυρὸν πάθος τε, θάνατον ἔντιμον, ταφήν*

,, 35, 21, *pro ὄρθου lege ὄρθου*

,, 49, 5, *pro μεᾷ lege μιᾷ*

,, 107 in notula pro ἐππλήξῃ lege ἐκπλήξῃ

'SONGS AND HYMNS.'

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